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BRITISH CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

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BRITISH CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

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INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH less than six years has elapsed since the first of these studies was begun, three of the seven artists of whom they treat have departed from our midst. Leighton and Millais died while the articles upon them were going through the press for publication in *Scribner's Magazine*, and Burne-Jones passed away in June of last year. Yet their art still lives, and in this introduction I shall speak of them in the past tense as seldom as possible.

The book makes no pretense to completeness and was constructed on no carefully laid plan. Each study is a separate one, in which the artist is treated as far as possible in relation to his own aims and achievements, without comparison, odious or other, with his fellows. Nevertheless, I hope that it will be found sufficiently representative and homogeneous to justify an independent existence. The artists may all be said to belong to the elder generation of the latter half of the present century and I have arranged the studies according to the dates of their births. I have endeavoured to keep my own personal preferences as far as possible in the background, but I cannot deem it an unhappy accident that the principle of *seniores priores* has brought the name of Mr. Watts to the head of the Table of Contents.

INTRODUCTION

These seven painters, though all of them belonged in their younger day to what was the "new" or "advanced" school, may now almost be regarded as "Conservatives." They all follow more or less the traditions of the British school (indeed of all schools) of figure-painting. Subjects poetical, philosophic, romantic, and historical, as well as portrait and *genre*, have encouraged these successors of Haydon and Etty, of Reynolds and Gainsborough, of Hogarth and Wilkie. None of them has been afraid of the modern bugbears of "sentiment" and "the literary idea." They have viewed the limits of art as conterminous with those of human nature and at the same time have preserved a high artistic level of execution. What is perhaps a still more vital matter, each has expressed his own very distinct personality and so created pleasures which none else could give. No personalities, for instance, could be much more distinct than those of Watts and Orchardson, or of Millais and Burne-Jones.

But though so different in many respects they are alike in one —their subject is mankind, and their works are all more or less rich in those human elements which are the very life of all great art, whether it be music or poetry or painting. Whether we look at those spiritual conceptions in which Watts has suggested the profoundest problems of human life, or wander in that romantic wonderland where the delicate fancy of Burne-Jones lived and revelled; whether we visit with Alma-Tadema a Roman villa in the days of the Cæsars, or, with Orchardson, a Salon in Paris in those of Louis XVI; whether we drink the classic air with Leighton or the very breath of daily life with Millais, we are never far from our kind—its beauty or its character, its hopes or its fears, the sights of its eyes or the dreams of its imagination.

The British school has always been distinguished by its strong note of humanity. Not only our figure painters, but our landscape painters have imbued their work with human feeling. They have

always (consciously or unconsciously) gone on the principle that art was made for man and not man for art, and every description of subject which is of interest to men, as men, from the most poetical to the most trivial, has been painted by them. This has been the source of strength, but also of weakness, for it has sometimes led them to disregard art for sentiment, and at others to attempt subjects far beyond their powers. It must, for instance, be admitted that the early attempts at what was broadly called "historical" painting in the British school were not attended with success. The pride which we feel (I write as a Briton) in our Reynolds and our Gainsborough, our Hogarth and our Wilkie, our Constable and our Turner, does not extend to our Barry or our West. Indeed, of all those British followers of "high art" who figured so largely in the eyes of their countrymen during the first half of the present century, there is one, and one only, who may be said to have held his ground to any appreciable extent. This solitary exception is William Etty, and he holds it only in virtue of his technical merit as a colourist and a flesh-painter. The whole movement, whether considered in relation to its aim to raise the fine art of England to the level of Raphael and Michael Angelo, or its desire to inspire great feelings and teach noble thoughts, must be regarded as a complete failure. When we consider also the many lives wasted in the effort to rise to an ideal which was noble, if mistaken, and the terrible sufferings endured in the process by such men as Barry and Haydon, the failure appears not only complete but tragic.

The reasons for their failure were many, but here we need only mention two: the lack of individuality and the lack of skill. The latter destroyed their artistic value, the former their human interest. Their works are dead, if, indeed, they were ever alive. There is much more vitality in the strenuous efforts made at the beginning of the present half century to decorate the walls of the Houses of Parlia-

ment. Technical skill and power of design of no mean order were required to execute the great wall paintings by Maclise of the "Death of Nelson" and the "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher"; and some of the smaller panels, like E. M. Ward's "Last Sleep of Argyll," demand much more credit than is allowed to them to-day. But such works, being generally conceived in the spirit of "historical genre," would never have satisfied the aspiration of the old devotees of "high art." It is, however, probable that many of the pictures we reproduce would have done so; and if so, this is not the least notable fact in connection with the British art of the last half of the nineteenth century. After more than a hundred years of struggling, that sacred domain of "high art," the road to which is strewn with victims, has been reached. That it has been penetrated very far I will not boast, but at least we can look at many poetical designs of the present day without that sense of complete failure that we feel before the works of West and Barry.

It may seem to some a little surprising that this use of art for the expression of the most exalted human sentiment should have occurred simultaneously with other movements of an almost opposite character; but the art of the latter half of the nineteenth century is distinguished by diversity of all kinds. It has thrust forth feelers in every direction and reached nearly all extremes. A hundred theories as to the true functions and limits of art have been broached and followed by a devoted band, until the sects of art are almost as many as those of religion. So that after all it is only natural that while some artists, like those who form the subject of this volume, are distinguished by the strength and fullness of the human note which vibrates through their work, in that of another important section, comprising many men of great skill, the human note has grown faint almost to silence. Indeed the landscapes of extreme "realists," "impressionists" and "iridescents" are almost inhuman (or at least *un*human) in

their neglect of every aim beyond the imitation of phenomena. In some of the figure-painting, even, the human note is very faint indeed, and what sound there is, is often unpleasant and sometimes actually repulsive. One of the most distinguished and original of modern artists has done his best to show by practice and precept that art is and should be independent of all things except itself—even of humanity, except such as is contained in the purely artistic personality of the artist himself. Fortunately, in his case, this artistic personality is so unique, has such an affinity for so many delicate and delightful effects, such a perception of what is rare and piquant in appearance, such a true eye for tone and colour, and such a sense of his tools and materials, that his best work has a charm inimitable. The description of a work of art as "Un coin de la nature vu à travers un tempérament" could scarcely be more justly applied than to a Whistler. This temperament of his is that of an artistic epicure. He selects, he composes, he executes with fastidious care as though he were preparing a dainty for the eyes. Some Frenchman is reported to have described soup as a vehicle for conveying to the palate certain delicate vegetable flavours. Whistler's art may be similarly described as a vehicle for conveying to the eyes certain delicate arrangements of tone. Or, if this comparison with the culinary art appear derogatory, let us take the analogy of music on which Whistler himself is so fond of insisting. He arranges his passages of tone, his notes of colour, so as to create delicate "symphonies," and "movements" which captivate the artistic sense. Not the least delightful are his "nocturnes" producing chords of optical sensation, as of waves heaving in the clear blue darkness of a summer night, or a river with ships looming through the dusk, and its soft bosom spangled with trembling gems. These and other gentle sensations he has conveyed to the eyes more simply and purely than any other painter. Stronger emotions he does not care to excite, and even in his

portraits the decorative feeling often seems stronger than the human. They sometimes, indeed, suggest Velasquez, or rather perhaps the ghost of that robust artist after a visit to Japan. But Whistler's art, consummate as it is as far as it goes, in oil and water colour, with pastel or etching-needle, or even in lithograph, and affording rare delight to those whose artistic organization is very sensitive, has its own natural deficiencies, and not the least of these is the faintness of its human note.

I have dwelt more particularly upon Whistler's art, not only on account of its special beauty, but because, of all masters of the more "advanced" schools, he has had the greatest influence upon British art. He belongs to what for want of a better term may be called the "artistic" side of art, like Manet, Degas, and Claude Monet. To the teaching and example of these and many others (mostly Frenchmen) the British school of the present day owes much. They have furthered greatly the emancipation of artists from the fetters of tradition, have helped them to see with their own eyes and speak with their own voice. They cannot, however, strive they never so hard, emancipate them from their common humanity. It is only natural that the human and artistic elements in a man of artistic temperament should vary in relative strength, and there always have been and always will be, two sections of artists, each of which leans more to one side than to the other. This is good for art as one section counteracts the extravagances of the other, and it is good for humanity also, as it gives them both a Watts and a Whistler.

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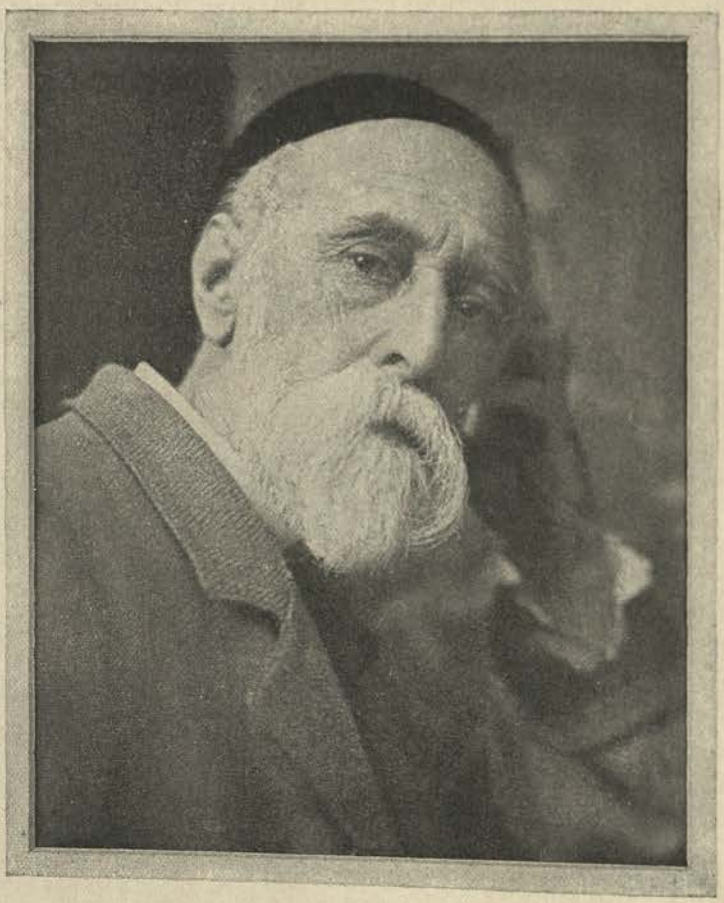
GEORGE
FREDERICK
WATTS
R.A.



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.,
FROM LIFE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAMERON & SMITH

MISS DOROTHY MC CALLAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER, FROM CHALK DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

WHO was it who invented the phrase, "the literary idea"? and did he quite understand what he meant by it? Did it occur to him that ideas are the property of the human mind and not of any particular art; that though some can be fully expressed by one art only, and some better expressed by one art than another, to deny the right of any art to express or suggest what it can would be to impoverish it very seriously? Literature would come off better than painting, but how changed and dull would it be if what may be called the "pictorial idea" were excluded from its territory. Fortunately men of imagination who are also artists have always

refused to be strictly bound by pedantic theories, and the greatest of them have ever been the first to break down any inconvenient barriers between one art and another, which hampered the expression of their thoughts. What has been will be, and even in the present day of dominant "realism" we have several artists who endeavour to express by paint such ideas as inspire them, without much regard as to whether they are "literary" or not. With one of these, the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, I have dealt in another of these studies, and this one is about another, who has done as much as any artist of his generation to maintain the claim of the art of painting not only to please and amuse, but to elevate the mind by the expression of the noblest ideas. It has been the strange fortune of Mr. Watts, who has never disguised the didactic aim of his art, to have been more or less exempted from the general condemnation which some modern critics have for many years distributed impartially on all painters whose art is not entirely for "art's sake." He is still regarded by most of these as a true artist; an artist as it were in spite of himself. And this he is even according to his own account, for he has told me that he would have expressed himself in words had that gift been vouchsafed to him. If one may judge from his few published utterances, like his early criticism of Benjamin Robert Haydon, his description of his own works, and his delightful conversation, he underrates his own powers of effective speech; but still it is not to be regretted that his dominant power of expression has been graphic design, for this is a quality rarer even than eloquence, and he possesses it in a degree of force and purity which would have been exceptional at any time or in any country.

It was certainly by no ordinary strength of natural impulse that Mr. Watts, like Sir E. Burne-Jones, was constrained to devote the whole of his life to creating images of the unseen. The feeling of "something not ourselves" permeates the whole of their subject art, idealism invades their very portraits. The results are indeed differ-

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAMERON & SMITH

ent, for they spring from two different human beings, each of whom has allowed his own genius to develop in harmony with his own separate individuality; neither has permitted any accident or fashion or worldly consideration to mar or divert its normal growth.

Burne-Jones has the more romantic and more personal vision, Watts the broader and simpler imagination, and so, though their lines of thought often run near to each other, they can scarcely be ever said to touch. So much at least may be said in comparison of these two artists without approaching the "odious." Nor is it any disparagement to other living artists of imagination to say that Watts is perhaps the most self-taught and self-directed of all. It must be remembered that he belongs to a generation before the Pre-Raphaelite and later movements which have had so transforming an influence on modern art. When he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, in the year 1837, being then but twenty years old (he was born on the 23d of February, 1817), the chief lights of poetical, or what was then called "historical," art were Etty, Eastlake, Hilton and Howard among painters, and Baily and Gibson among sculptors. These were all Academicians, and among the Associates there was not a man from whom Watts's genius could draw much nutriment. Outside the Academy was indeed Haydon, with his high aims and Titanic energy, and inside was the great Turner, whose genius, though principally shown in landscape, was all-embracing. Watts, no doubt, owed much indirectly to both of these, but not in the way of training. They had no influence on the schools of the Royal Academy, which he found so useless to him that he withdrew from them after a few weeks' attendance. He "haunted," as he expresses it, the studio of William Behnes, the portrait-sculptor, drawing from plaster casts, of which Behnes had a good collection, but receiving no instruction from him. Of professional education in the ordinary sense he had received none when he exhibited "A Wounded Heron" and the portraits of two

MISS AGATHONIKÉ HÉLÈNE IONIDES (1893)—IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. ALEXANDER IONIDES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

young ladies in the Royal Academy in 1837. He will tell you that his real masters and standards of art were the Elgin marbles, and that he derived from them not only his sense of form and style, but suggestions of colour. In 1838 he sent another portrait, in 1840 his first subject-picture, "Isabella e Lorenzo"—in 1841 a portrait of Miss Brunton, and the next year a portrait of Madame Ionides and a scene from "Cymbeline." The portrait of this year is especially noteworthy, as from that day to this Mr. Watts has painted a succession of portraits of the Ionides family—five generations in all. The first of the series were Constantine and Mary Ionides, painted about fifty years

DEATH CROWNING INNOCENCE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAMERON & SMITH

ago; the last is their great-great-grandchild, Miss Agathoniké Hélène, painted a few years ago, and surely one of the most charming of his or any other artist's portraits of children. It is not given to many artists to paint five generations of the same family, or to retain the power at the age of seventy-six to present with such perfect freshness and sympathy the grace and sweetness of a little girl.

From 1842 there occurs a break of six years in Mr. Watts's contributions to the Royal Academy. At that time the art-world was agitated by the proposal of the Fine Arts Commission to hold competitive exhibitions of designs for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament with scenes from the history of Great Britain. The first exhibition was held in Westminster Hall in 1843. Artists young and old threw their whole energies into their cartoons, from poor Haydon, who had ever since 1812 been the consistent and loud-voiced instigator of the scheme, to Watts and other young men, who had yet their spurs to win.

To Haydon the competition was a bitter disappointment, perhaps the bitterest of his life, for he was unsuccessful; to Watts the result was the reverse, for he obtained one of the first-class prizes with his cartoon of "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome."* The £300 which he received facilitated his desire to go to Italy, the promised land of all young artists, and one day in the year 1843 he presented himself at the Casa Ferroni, then occupied by the British Legation at Florence, bearing a letter of introduction to Lord Holland, the British Minister at the court of the Duke of Tuscany. Here he not only received a welcome, but found a most valuable and constant friend. He went to Florence for a short stay; he remained for four years. On the walls of the Villa Careggi, where Lord Holland lived, and where Lorenzo de' Medici died, still

* This was never carried out in fresco. Fragments of it are in the possession of Lord Northbourne.

remains a fresco by Watts of an incident relating to the death of Lorenzo.*

But it is at Holland House that the happy effects of his introduction to Lord Holland can be best seen. There, besides many other portraits of the Holland family, are the sprightly portrait of Lady Holland in a "Nice" hat, and the charming one of little Mary Fox (afterward Princess Liechtenstein) with the big dog "Elia." The former was painted in Florence about 1843. To the Florence time belong also the portraits of the Countess Walewska and the Countess Castiglione, and a series of sketches of Lord Holland's friends, including many of the Italian nobility.

Time passed so pleasantly and quickly in Italy that, if it had not been for a kind reminder from Lord Holland, Watts would probably have missed the competition of oil paintings for the Houses of Parliament, which was held by the Fine Arts Commissioners in June, 1847. He returned to England just in time to send in his picture of "King Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Landing of the Danes," which duly obtained one of the first prizes, this time worth £500.

He also received a commission to execute in fresco the "St. George and the Dragon," which, begun in 1848, was completed in 1853, in the upper waiting-hall of the palace at Westminster. The "King Alfred" is also in the "House," having been purchased after a time, for a small sum, by the Commissioners.

He was now thoroughly possessed with the desire to stimulate the love of noble art and the spirit of patriotism in England by the adornment of the walls of public buildings with mighty frescoes of great subjects, and he pursued this great aim with ardour for many years after his return from Italy. If such a dream could be fulfilled by the will of artists alone, every public building in England

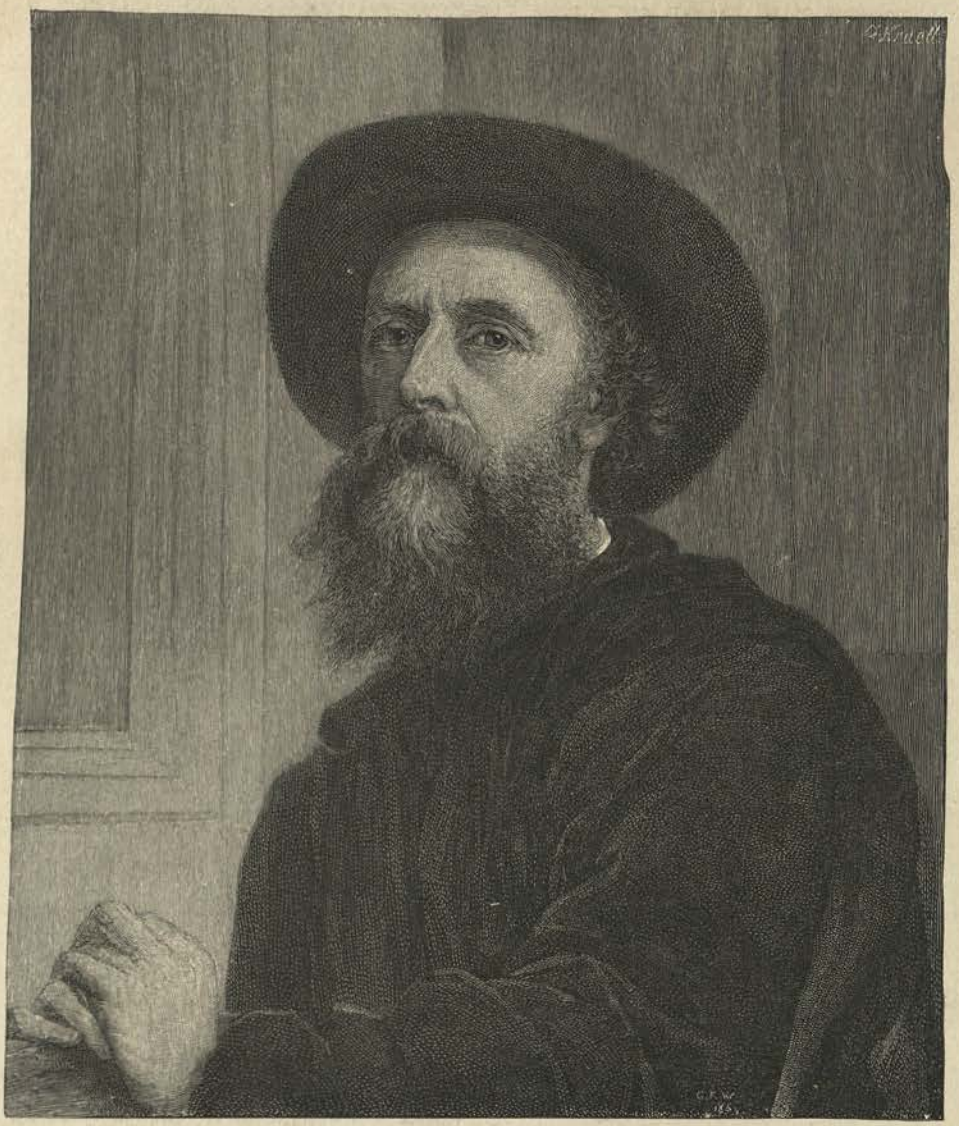
* His fatal illness having aroused suspicions of poisoning, his friends seized his physician and cast him down a well. A sketch in oil for the composition is in Mr. Watts's possession.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAMERON & SMITH

would be covered with pictures; for, whatever else may be alleged against British artists, it can never be said that they have been wanting in public and patriotic spirit, or have weighed their labour by the

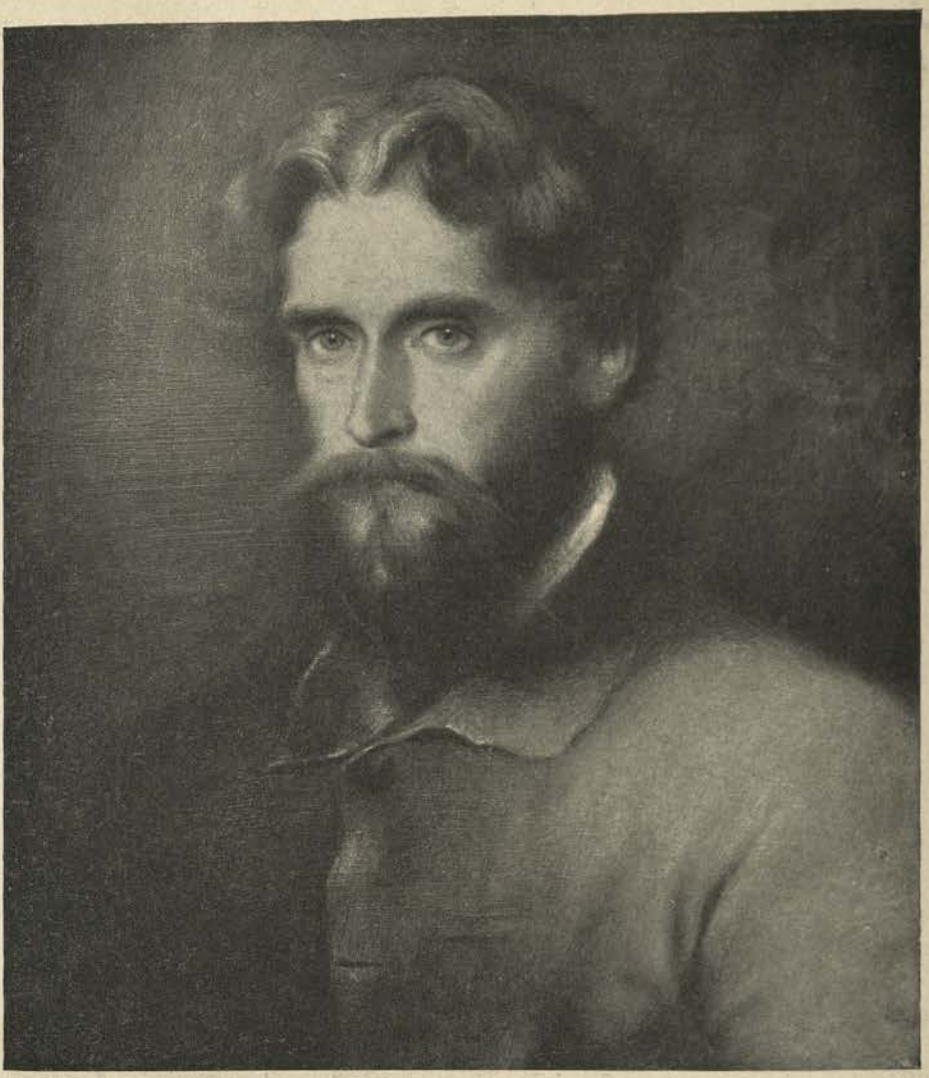
HERR JOACHIM (1867)—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

ounce, when it was to be turned to a noble use. Barry, half starved, labouring at his huge pictures at the Society of Arts for the cost of his materials, the Royal Academy as a body offering (in 1773) to decorate St. Paul's at their own expense, are striking evidences in the



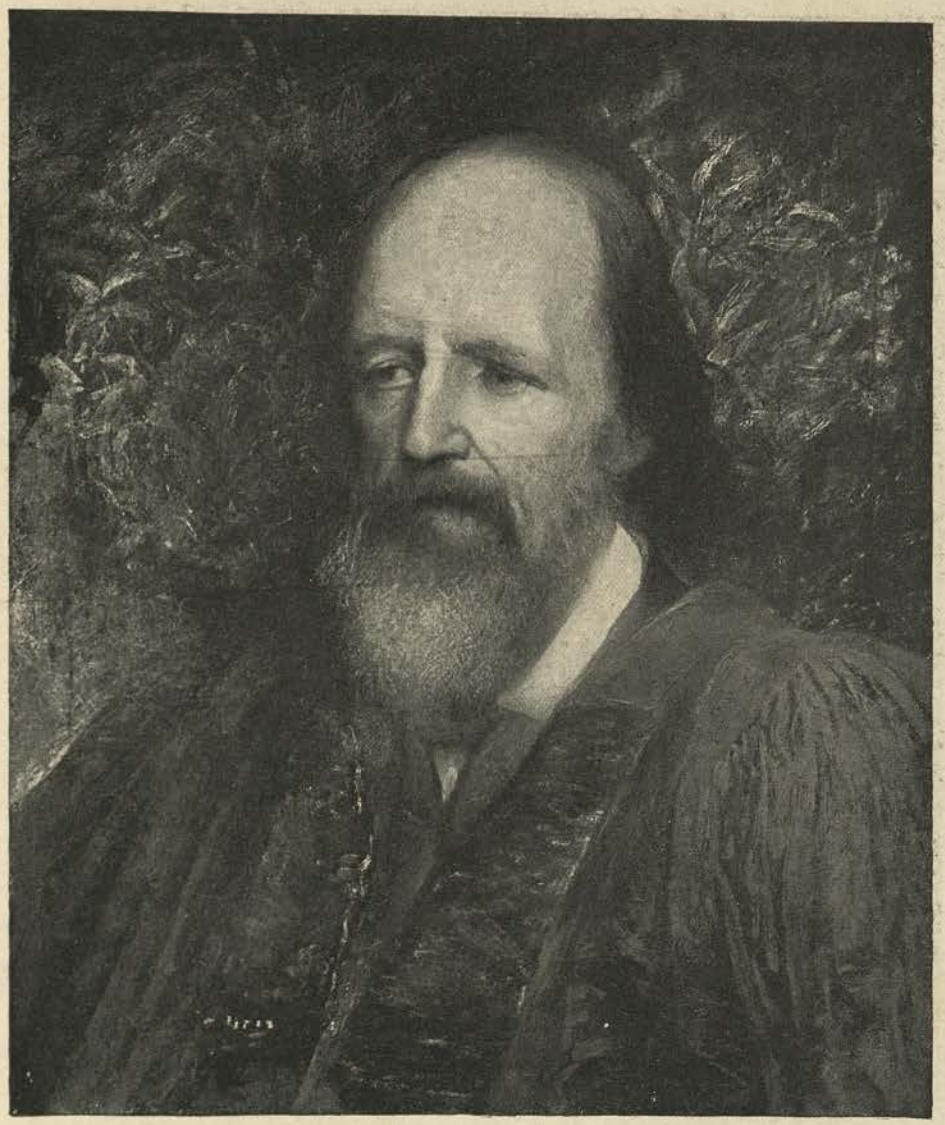
G. F. WATTS, R.A., BY HIMSELF—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DOWAGER LADY BOWMAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

past ; and of contemporaries, Leighton, Shields, Armitage, and others have shown their willingness to work for public ends for nothing, or for journeymen's wages. Not least of these is Watts, who executed without fee the grand fresco of "Justice," 40 feet high by 45 feet long,



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1882)—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

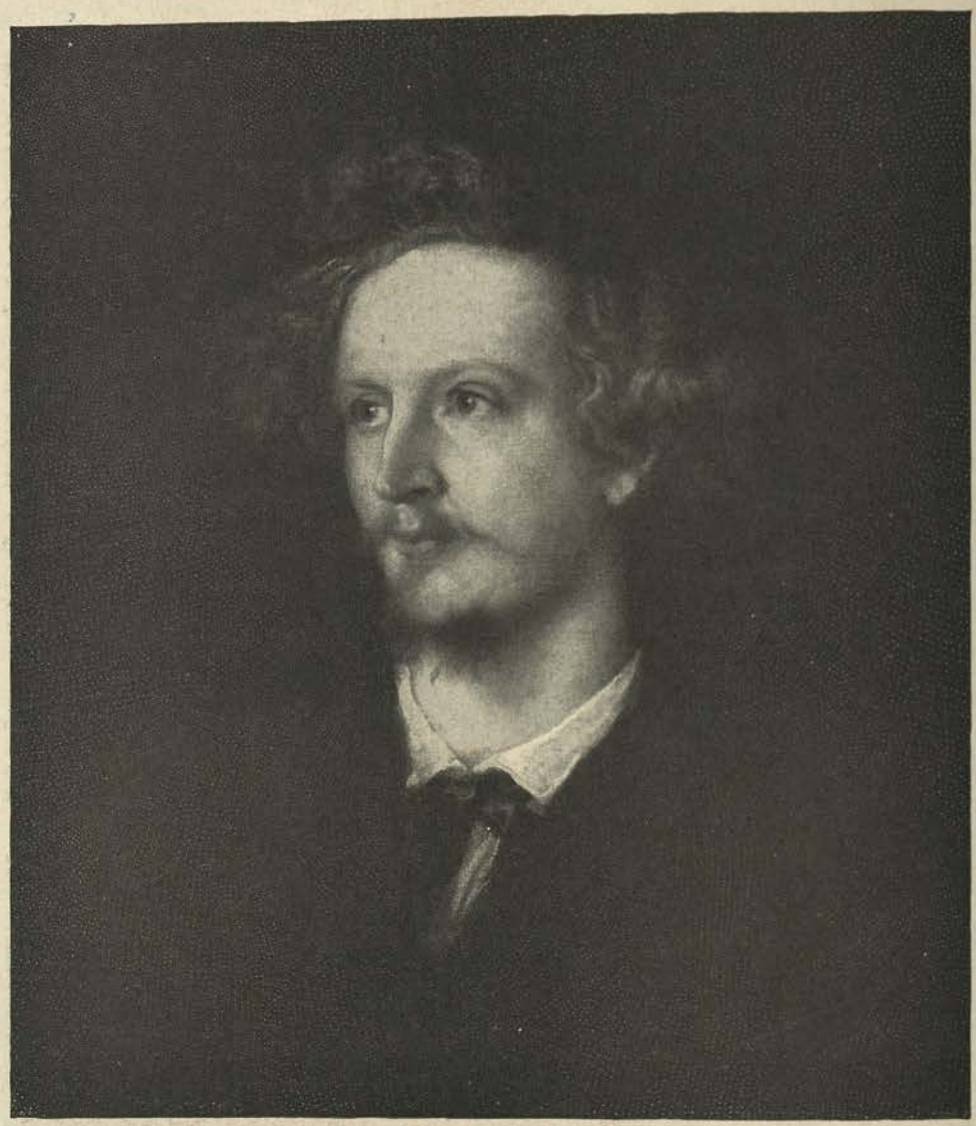
in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and offered to decorate the great hall at Euston Railway Station with a series of mural paintings representing the "Progress of Commerce," for the bare cost of scaffolding and colours. This was refused, and the regret which we must all feel at the rejection of such a great offer is mitigated by the reflection that the works, if executed, would probaby, ere this, have followed the fate of



LORD TENNYSON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER, AFTER THE UNFINISHED STUDY IN OIL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST. THE PAINTING WAS FINISHED MAY, 1890

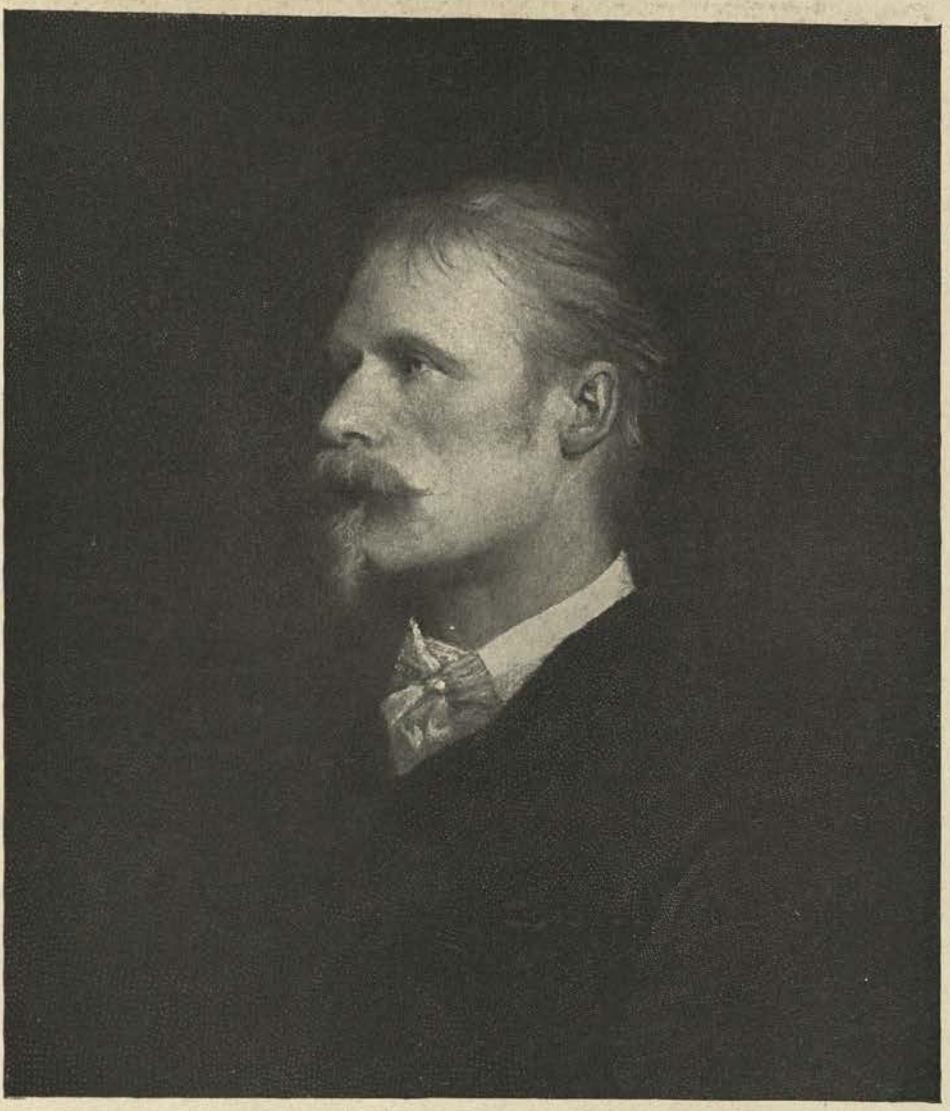
nearly all frescoes in England, and of most in other countries; while we should have missed a number of smaller but equally noble pictures, which, with proper care, will last for an indefinite time. The fresco at Lincoln's Inn has already had to undergo extensive reparations in



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1865)—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

tempera. It is gratifying to record that the "Inn," in testimony of their appreciation of this monumental work, presented to Mr. Watts a cup and an honorarium of £500.*

*Among other mural paintings by the artist are a fresco in the Church of St. James the Less, near Vauxhall Bridge, and "Achilles, Briseis, and Thetis," at Bowood, the seat of Lord Landsdowne.



WALTER CRANE (1893)—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

Mr. Watts has been but a fitful exhibitor, and you cannot in his case, as in that of most English artists of distinction, trace his progress and career from the catalogues of the Royal Academy. Yet the pictures which he sent to Trafalgar Square in 1848 and 1849 have some historic significance.

In the first of these years he sent two portraits, "Lady Holland" and "M. Guizot," and in the second, a large and elaborate oil picture called "Life's Illusions," and a drawing for a fresco, the subject of which was taken from Isaiah.

These works intimated the aims to which he was hereafter to devote his life almost exclusively. The portrait of M. Guizot was one of the first of that great series in which, more than any other artist of his time, he has reflected the best intellects and imaginations of the nineteenth century. From the Guizot of 1848 to the Gerald Balfour of yesterday, a period of more than half a century, he has pursued a consistent aim in painting a gallery of great men, not for the most part for money or for other people, but for himself * and for the nation. In "Life's Illusions" and the drawing from Isaiah there is a distinct departure from merely historic illustrative art, their intention being to "body forth the forms of things unknown," to give to the "airy nothings" of a poet's vision "a local habitation and a name."

Henceforth he is to be a painter of ideas, of the properties and attributes of the human race, of the forces which surround and mould the lives of men, of the dreams and aspirations of the world—a painter of spiritual motive power. "Whatever stirs this mortal frame," whether passions high and low, beauty or intellect, religion or philosophy, these were then, and are now, the true subjects of his art. †

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* He has already presented to the National Portrait Gallery portraits of Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, Sir Andrew Clark, Gladstone, Sir John Peter Grant, Sir Charles Halle, Lord Lawrence, Sir Austen Henry Layard, Lord Leighton, Lord Lyndhurst, Cardinal Manning, John Stuart Mill, William Morris, Panizzi, Earl Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Henry Taylor, Tennyson, Thomas Wright, the prison philanthropist, and Lord Lyons. His portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is also in this gallery.

† In painting such pictures he has been actuated by the same national feeling as in the case of his portraits, and has presented to the National Gallery (Tate Collection) the following pictures: "Mammon"; "Conscience, the Dweller in the Innermost"; "'For he had great possessions'"; "The

FROM THE HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MARY, WIFE OF CONSTANTINE IONIDES (1842) —IN THE POSSESSION OF CONSTANTINE IONIDES, HER GRANDSON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

It is only at first sight that there seems to be anything radically divergent in these two aims—the life-like imitation of an individual and the pure creation of ideal images. It is not the subject but the artist that divides art into what is usually the "real" and the "ideal." A portrait by a Denner is, indeed, mundane enough, but so is an allegory by a Bronzino, and when a man like Rembrandt or Watts paints either a portrait or a vision, he removes it to a sphere beyond the reach of mere physical sensation.

Dray-horses, Noon-day Rest"; "Minotaur"; "Death Crowning Innocence"; "Jonah"; "The Spirit of Christianity, dedicated to all the Churches"; "Sic Transit"; "Faith"; "Hope"; "Love and Life"; "Eve Tempted"; "'She shall be called Woman'"; "Eve Repentant"; "Love and Death"; "The Messenger" and "Chaos."

Whether he paints portrait or history, takes his theme from a book or his own invention, Watts's aim is always ideal. When a man embodies an idea we call it *imagination*, when he paints a material object in such a way as to express its essential beauty we call it *insight*, but the faculties are closely akin though employed, one in creation and the other in revelation. But though akin they are distinct, like two hands, and some artists seem to be able to use one and not the other. Mr. Watts, however, is, so to speak, ambidextrous, and can make us feel either the presence of Death or the genius of Tennyson. In both cases he impresses our minds with a new image of the immaterial.

The secret of Mr. Watts's strange power of drawing into the faces of his sitters suggestions of their inner being lies, no doubt, essentially in his wide and sensitive sympathy with his kind.

In the presence of his sitters he surrenders his own individuality. He has no wish to produce a fine picture sealed with his own artistic *cachet*, whereby everyone who looks may say, "This is a Watts." Of course, you can generally tell a "Watts" portrait at once by its tone and colour and handling, and more certainly, perhaps, by a certain sense of the presence of a real person alone with his thoughts, secluded in a veil as of a special intellectual atmosphere. But such marks of identification are the unconscious results of the artist's own self-suppression.

In all his works he regards his art as only a means to an end, and the end of a portrait to him is a truthful resemblance of the sitter, truthful not only to the body but the mind. In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Extra No. 22, p. 13, will be found an interesting account of his way of painting portraits, given in his own words. In the course of it he observes:

"In my imaginative work I consider myself perfectly free as to detail so long as I do not violate any law; but not so, of course, in

IRIS—THE LATEST PICTURE PAINTED BY MR. WATTS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

portrait-painting, when, while giving my mental faculties full play so as to seize my sitter's intellectual characteristics, I observe equally the physical minutiæ. To assist myself, I converse with him, note his turn of thought, his disposition, and I try to find out, by inquiry or otherwise (if he is not a public man, or is otherwise unknown to me), his character and so forth; and having made myself master of these details, I set myself to place them on the canvas, and so reproduce not only his face, but his character and nature."

There can be little doubt that this was the way of some of the greatest portrait-painters of old—Titian, for example, and Bellini, Lotto and Rembrandt, Moroni and Raphael—but none the less has Watts made a new departure in modern art. The power which was a natural gift grew with exercise, and it has not decreased to the present day, as his admirable portrait of Walter Crane is alone sufficient to testify. Physically the portrait is neither flattering nor the reverse; it is the very image of the man, and the sincerity and energy of its character are equally true to life. A great advance is to be noted between the Guizot of 1848 and the Gladstone of 1865, a portrait which I have elsewhere said is not only a history but a prophecy. Since then his hand has grown freer while his insight has remained as keen, and the level he reached in such portraits as those of John Stuart Mill (1874) and Cardinal Manning (1882), if it has not been exceeded is still maintained. In confirmation of this we may point not only to the Walter Crane, but among other works to two noble studies made by him of his old friend Lord Tennyson in his latter years, and I can imagine no better index of Watts's manner as a portrait-painter at different periods of his life than his pictures of this great poet. It has always been Watts's ambition to raise the pictorial art of his country to the level of its literature, and none has succeeded so nearly. In his pictures he, like Tennyson, has aimed at the highest standard of pure and noble thought, and the intellectual sympathy between them has

no doubt helped to make his portraits of the poet of exceptional value. The earliest (1859) is in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset; another very fine one belongs to the Dowager Lady Bowman; another, in red robes, is at Trinity College, Cambridge, but has never been exhibited; another, in peer's robes, is in the possession of the artist.

It is impossible within the limits of this study to go through the whole catalogue of poets and painters, of men of science and thought, of soldiers and statesmen, of noble men and beautiful women, whom Watts has painted; and I may perhaps be permitted to quote a few lines which I have written elsewhere about these portraits. "A past of anxious search through metaphysic mazes for the truths most desired of mankind, is written in the thought-worn face of Dr. Martineau; a future of passionate unrest in the eager, subtle, self-conscious features of Gladstone in his prime. In Arthur Stanley we see the sensitive lip almost trembling with its message of good-will toward men; in Lord Lawrence, the man of thought as well as of action, the devoted and able servant of his country, the soldier and statesman in one. Here, the distinctive nobleness of each preserved, is the quiet definite Mill opposed to the thundering indefinite Carlyle. These few words may give some notion of the breadth of Mr. Watts's sympathy, and of the unerring certainty of his insight. To detect his finer discriminativeness some special and peculiar class of portraits should be studied. No class will serve this purpose better than that of poets; for the mental characteristics of the sitters are widely known, their number is small, and all the greatest of them are here. Of Tennyson there are two portraits: one taken in 1859, the other recently. In both there is a touch of mystery which is wanting in the presentments of the sitter's brethren; in both there is a something of the seer and the philosopher—a something, too, of the fastidious workman who is long in seeking out the best. The powerful

HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM—IN THE POSSESSION OF HON. PERCY WYNDHAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

head is a laboratory where thoughts volatilize in passion, and passion is absorbed in thought. The fire of genius that one rather feels than sees, smoulders long sometimes before it bursts into flame; but to look at Mr. Watts's portraits is to be as sensible of its presence as of its safe control. The later work in nowise contradicts the earlier, it is rather the proof and fulfilment of it; passion, imagination, and reflection are the chords of both. On the others I have not space to enlarge. I shall only note that in each particular face the painter has shadowed forth some special and peculiar characteristic: in Browning's, speculation; in Swinburne's, ardour; in Taylor's, reason; in Arnold's, criticism; in Morris's, taste."

When we come to consider Watts's works of imaginative art, we shall find that they are most easily arranged by dividing them into the classes of ideas which they embody. In the first place, abstract ideas of Time, Life, Death, Love, Justice, as in the Lincoln's Inn fresco and in his pictures of "Time, Death, and Judgment," of "Love and Death," of "Love and Life," and of "Hope"—perhaps the most nobly pathetic of all his works. Secondly, ideas of human life, of which the images are not less the creation of the artist though they are suggested by the myths of classical legend. Such are the "Orpheus and Eurydice," the "Daphne," the "Psyche," and the "Three Goddesses," or, as the artist prefers to call it, "Olympus on Ida." Perhaps the latter more properly belongs to the class in which the artist has given himself up more completely to the overpowering charm of the dreams of classical poetry—dreams of Arcadia and Olympus. Under this head may be mentioned the lovely "Bacchanal" and the "Ganymede." More hard to class are the "Genius of Greek Poetry," that fine design which reminds one equally of Phidias and Michael Angelo, and the playful pictures of Cupids in various delightful occupations, like "Good Luck to your Fishing," works of his old age, but full of the very sportfulness of youth. Fourthly,

come a few biblical subjects, which, like the classical ones, are not "illustrations" so much as embodiments of ideas suggested by the Bible. Such are "Cain," the typical presentment of the wrath of Heaven against murder, and the "Rider on the White Horse," the majestic image of the power that conquers. If we add the series of evil forces of human life in the hideous forms of "Minotaur," "Mammon," etc., a few pictures of the misery of London, like "Drowned," and a few more trivial subjects, like "A Rainy Day," we shall have pretty well indicated the range which Mr. Watts has allowed to his imagination—and a wide range it is, as wide almost as life itself.

The forms in which Mr. Watts has clothed his abstract ideas are of great force and dignity, and many of his conceptions are often striking in their originality, clinging in no way to old traditions except when those are in accordance with his own sense of essential truth. Time the destroyer, imaged from time immemorial as an old man, appears to him to be ever young and strong, marching through all the ages with unfaltering step, a destroyer maybe, but also the leader of life. So he has drawn him in his impressive design of "Time, Death, and Judgment." Death appears to him no more as the grinning skeleton of the *Danse Macabre*, but either a sad irresistible force, stronger even than love (human love) as in perhaps the grandest of all his pictures, the "Love and Death," * or as the endlessly pitying angel who consoles all mortals for their troubles, as in the "Angel of Death," and the "Throne of Death," that monumental picture which still unfinished hangs in his studio at "Limners Lease," his country house near Guildford. Love, sometimes as the ideal of human beauty, as in the "Wife of Pygmalion," or of celestial beauty, as in the Venus in the "Three Goddesses;" sometimes as a beautiful winged figure, as in "Love and Death," again as the guide of Life helping her feeble footsteps to reach the rocky summit of earthly

* Presented by the artist to the Whitworth Institute at Manchester.

THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE (1881)—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

pilgrimage, as in "Love and Life." All these loves are beneficent, but the influence of maleficent passion he has made the subject of two or three pictures on which he has lavished a more than usual wealth of invention and an unwonted luxury of colour. These are his two visions of the "Fata Morgana" from Boiardo's poems, and

"Mischief," in which a figure representing Physical Manhood is snared in the briers by Passion in the form of Love. In such subjects, and those based upon classical legend, the ideas are naturally conveyed in forms which suggest perfect physical beauty; but Watts paints what is called "the nude" with a grandeur of style and a reserve in imitation which so purifies them that they never appeal directly to the senses. We see all his figures as in a mirror, surrounded and softened, but not blurred, by a charmed atmosphere. Some of these pictures are of his finest, nor do I know any artist who has rendered so powerfully the awful moment when Eurydice falls back, dead, slain again by the look of her lover. The "Daphne" is certainly one of the most beautiful single figures in all art, and despite its fully developed contours one of the purest, the ideal of virgin beauty shrinking before the advent of the Sun-God. A worthy companion is the girlish figure of Psyche, conscious of the ruin of her happiness by the indulgence of her curiosity. Both of these figures, like so much of Watts's work, show how strongly he combines the temperaments of the painter and the sculptor. It was the remark of one of the most celebrated sculptors of the present day, on looking round the Gallery at Little Holland House,* that he had left little for sculptors to do. He referred not to Watts's sculpture, but his paintings, in which he has expressed the most fundamental ideas of philosophy and religion, the most abstract types of human passion, in the language of form and gesture. It is still one of the doubts in Mr. Watts's own mind whether his natural talent was not stronger in the direction of sculpture than painting. Yet he has never for a moment forgotten the limits which technically divide the domain of the one art from the other. If the ideas are those which might have been well expressed in sculpture, he has always seen them, felt them, and expressed them as an artist whose medium is paint and not marble, as

* Full of his life-work, and opened free to the public on Saturdays and Sundays.

THE THRONE OF DEATH (UNFINISHED)—IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER

one who had to produce on a flat surface the illusion of relief, and as one to whom colour should always form an essential constituent of conception. His pictures can never be open to the charge against David and his school, of being bas-reliefs painted. They are thought as well as wrought in paint, and paint only.

No illustration of this can be much better than his beautiful picture of the "Judgment of Paris," or the "Three Goddesses," a subject which demands ideal treatment whether at the hand of a sculptor or a painter. It may be compared with the "Three Graces" in that fine antique group now preserved in the library of Siena Cathedral, with the picture made from it by Raphael (once in the Dudley Gallery and now in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale), and again with the Three Goddesses in Rubens's picture in the National Gallery. In the first work we have sculpture pure, in the second sculpture painted, while in the third we have pure painting in which the ideal is missed. Rubens's Three Goddesses may represent his so-called "ideal" of female beauty, but they are only Flemish women of fine physique painted as nearly like nature as possible. Watts's Three Goddesses are distinctly ideal dreams of abstract beauty, but they are not sculpture, they are not even translations of sculpture into painting; they are conceived with a painter's sense and executed with a painter's hand.

But Watts is a sculptor also. His exquisite bust of "Clytie" is so large in style and noble in movement, that it lives in the memory with the antique. Mr. Gosse in a recent paper has claimed for it a notable place in the history of modern sculpture, as marking that new departure from the old conventions which has revivified the art in the present generation. Richly picturesque in its design and full of vigorous life is the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, the huntsman, the *Grosveneur*, which adorns the grounds of Eaton Hall, the seat in Cheshire of the Duke of Westminster, the head of the house of Grosvenor. Finely realized is the action of Lupus as he reins in his

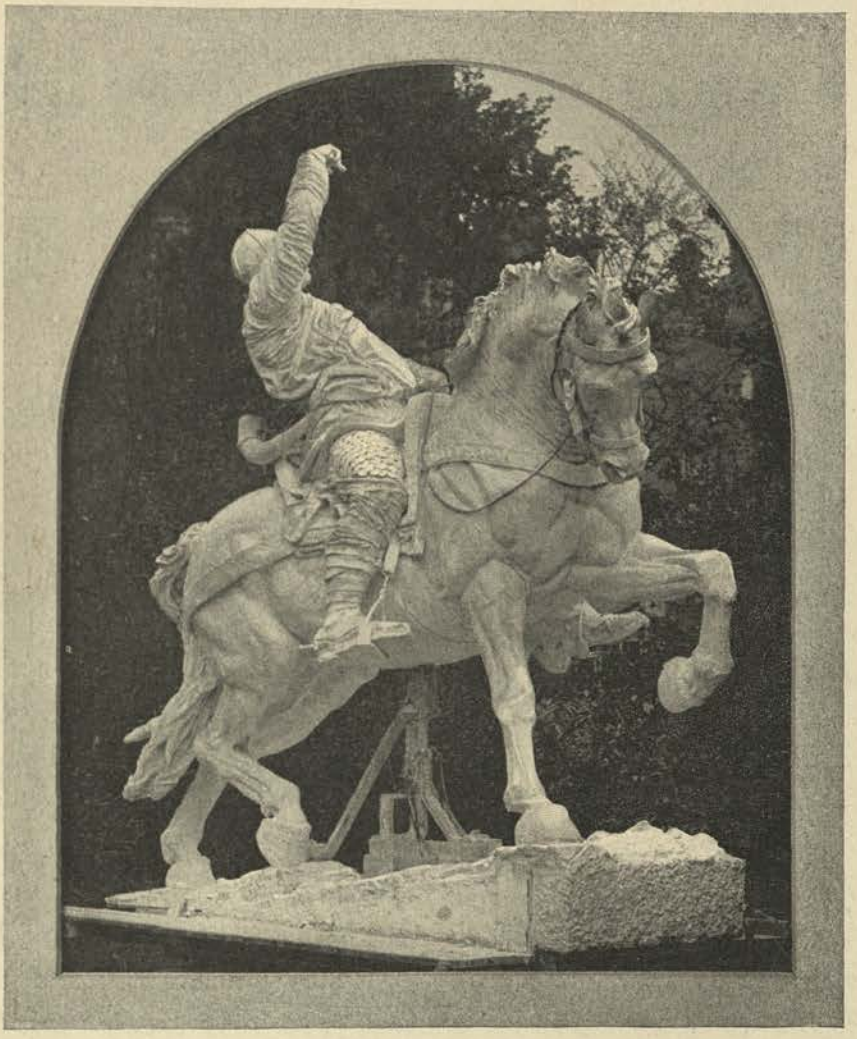
steed to watch under his uplifted hand the flight of his hawk. Of nobler suggestion, and of equal grandeur, is another equestrian statue, in which the rider is no mediæval sportsman but the spirit of Physical Energy itself. This still awaits completion. Nor, in the record of his plastic work, must I omit to mention the fine recumbent figure of Bishop Lonsdale in Lichfield Cathedral.

The landscapes of Mr. Watts have been few and far between, but they are as characteristic as any of his work, and perhaps more unique. His "Return of the Dove to the Ark," with its wild waste of waters and relentless sky, struck, as he has so often done, a new note of elemental poetry, and his more realistic but still (in the intellectual sense) "impressionist" records of Naples and its vicinity, one of which, "Vesuvius," has recently been admirably engraved by Mr. Frank Short, are nearer perhaps to Turner in feeling than any of the works of that artist's imitators. The same may be said of two small views of misty sea, gray but palpitating with iridescent colour, which formed a striking feature of the Exhibition at the New Gallery a year or two ago.

In his "Morning after the Deluge," with its sun rising in a huge envelope of orange mist, he tends to the transcendental, as indeed he does in his strange vision of the Conscience—the "Dweller in the Innermost," as he calls it—a description of which is impossible.

As I look through what I have written I am sadly struck with the numbers of things which I have wished to say and have left unsaid.* His portraits of women, many of which are of great beauty, and some of his finest pictures, like "Endymion" and "Paolo and Francesca," have been left almost unnoticed. The latter is unique among Watts's work, for it is the only picture in which he has set himself to express the idea of another's mind. It is also one of his

*On his technique and other matters I have already written, in the article before referred to, in the Magazine of Art (1882).



STATUE OF HUGH LUPUS AT EATON HALL, THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COUNTRY SEAT NEAR CHESTER

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. HOLLYER)

most successful pictures, and by far the finest rendering of Dante's immortal episode that has been made by any artist.

I have said nothing either of his trilogy of the history of "Eve," which will hereafter count among the noblest of his works. That I have said little about the artist and his life I care little, for such reticence would be in accordance with his wishes. He lives, as he has

always lived, a life quiet and retired, but not without the society of a large and choice circle of friends, surrounded, whether in town at Little Holland House (the second), or in the country at Limners Lease, by his works in various states of completion, touching now one and now another, as his impulse comes. He has sold comparatively few of his pictures, not from want of buyers, but from choice, in order to keep them by him to perfect, and with the view of devoting his life's work, as far as possible, to the nation. So he has kept himself comparatively, but only comparatively, poor, with enough to enable him to work in peace, without display. He has twice refused the honour of a baronetcy, as, among other reasons, unsuited to his quiet tastes and moderate means. Not late in his career and with steps of unusual rapidity he attained the highest honours of his profession, and since then his position has remained unassailed.* Never robust in health, he has lived to a good old age. With eyesight almost unimpaired, and hand almost as sure as ever, he still works on, not only perfecting his earlier work, but actually developing new interests and power. He is one of those men who, like his forerunners, Bellini and Titian, never seem to grow old in spirit, remaining keenly alive to all the movements of the day in his art and out of it. One of the most striking signs of the vitality of his mind is the new departure in colour, of which many of his later works are the witness. He has never looked upon colour, as most painters do, as an aim in itself apart from his subject. Colour, form, and subject have to him been always inseparable parts of his conception, and this is the reason why his colour is somewhat unequal as a pleasure-giving quality, and why some fail to understand how a man who has shown such a sense of rich colour in such pictures as "Mischief" or "The Birth of Eve," should forego its

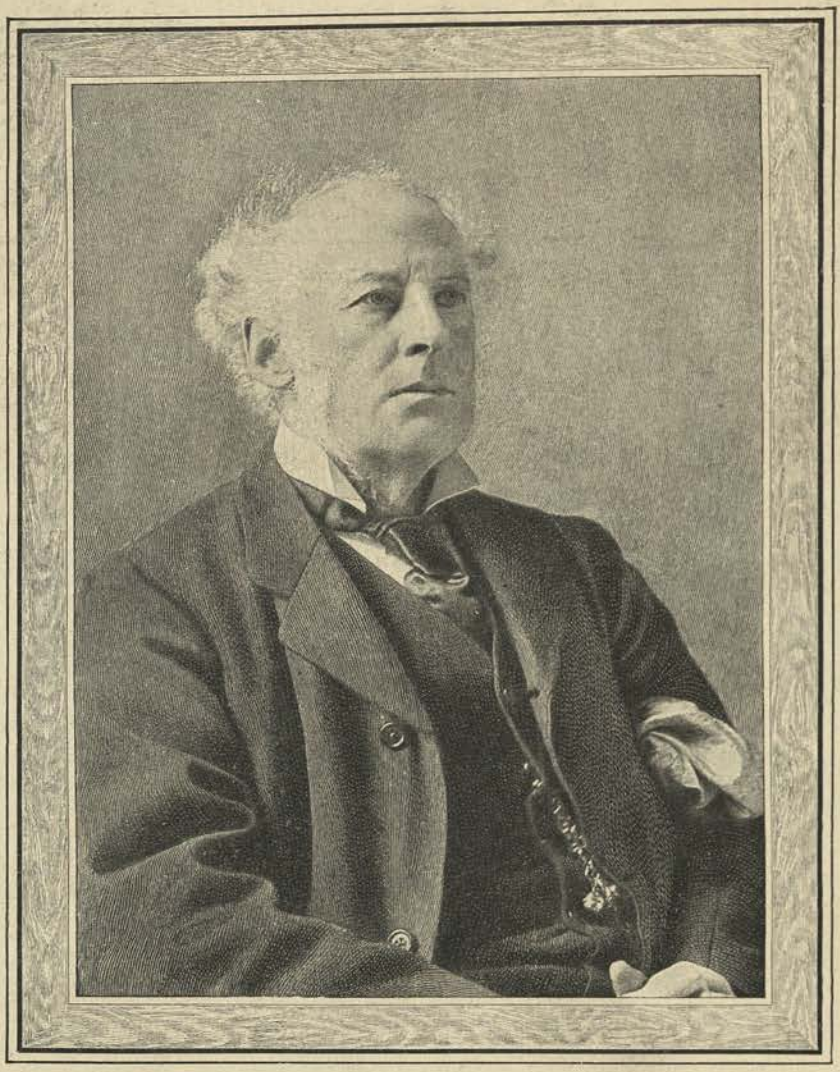
* Of the many evidences of appreciation, not only in his own country, one of the most notable was the request to add his portrait to the great portrait gallery of artists in the Uffizi at Florence, where it now hangs side by side with those of the "old masters."

attractions when treating subjects to which it is less appropriate.* But of late years—perhaps the "Uldra" (water-nymph) of 1882 was the first sign of it—he has shown new interest in the vibration of light and colour, and many of his later pictures, like "Hope" and "Love" and "Death," shimmer with a tender iridescence. This lovely effect is very palpable in his vision of "Iris," with her drapery fluttering behind a rainbow (see illustration), one of the most beautiful of all his creations.

On the gentle influence which has blessed his later years I scarcely dare to touch; but it will be good for all lovers of art and all admirers of his noble life to know that, with Mrs. Watts by his side, the peaceful progress of the one and the happy prolongation of the other are as well assured as anything can be in a changing world.

* It is generally when the artist's imagination has not been strongly engaged that his colour is least pleasing; as a rule, the nobler the subject the finer the colour.

SIR
JOHN
EVERETT
MILLAIS,
BART.



SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS

THE VALE OF REST

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF DRAWING, LOANED BY MR. H. VIRTUE TEBBS

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the British school of painting, it can scarcely be denied that the roll of its artists contains many names distinguished not only among the artists of their own country, but among the artists of the world. To take only three of the greatest —Hogarth, the satirical reflector of society; Reynolds, the portrait painter; Turner, the master of landscape—in what other modern school shall we find their parallels? It would be rash to prophesy that the name of Millais will rank in the estimation of posterity as the peer of these his great precursors, but it may at least be said that he is as thoroughly national and original as any of them, and that in simplicity, sincerity and power, he will hold his own with the best.

All great artists have some dominant quality. The spiritual idealism of Watts, the romantic imagination of Burne-Jones, the de-

votion of Leighton to Beauty, the exquisite execution and refined comedy of Alma-Tadema are noted elsewhere in these pages. Each of these artists may justly urge other claims to our admiration, and if I assert, as the chief characteristic of Millais, his power of fixing the immediate aspect of the present, I by no means intend to exhaust the secret of his peculiar appeal. Without the keenest eye for what is lovely, without a tender sensibility to human feeling, without a lively perception of character, without an invention ever ready to kindle, he would never have sustained the attention of his contemporaries for nearly half a century. Nevertheless, it is his gift of reflecting like a mirror the very life of his surroundings that constitutes his essential distinction among artists of his time.

To the present generation, or at least to the younger members of it, the late President of the Royal Academy is principally known as a painter of portrait, of landscape, and of the charms of childhood. They know his magnificent portraits of Mr. Gladstone and of Lord Tennyson, and perhaps those of the Duchess of Wellington and Mrs. Bischoffsheim also; they have fallen in love with "Cherry Ripe," with "Dorothy Thorpe," and "Little Miss Muffett," and (the ladies at least) have worshipped his pretty grandchild blowing "Bubbles." He is to them the great painter of the life with which they are surrounded, the masterly craftsman, who can do more with one stroke of the brush than most others with a dozen, the accurate and forcible colourist, the man who has the most distinct gift for making what appeals to him appeal also to others. But when he first came before the public, and for some years afterward, he was not in touch with his generation, but was a young rebel in league with Dante Rossetti and Holman Hunt and backed up by Ruskin in running counter to the prevalent theory and practice of art.

The style of the Millais of the fifties differs so widely from that of the Millais of the nineties that at first sight it is hard to believe

that they both belong to the same man, or even to the same century. In an excellent study of the artist, in one of the supplements of the *Art Journal*, Sir Walter Armstrong describes Millais's progress from the "Isabella," of 1849, to the "Lady Betty Primrose," of 1885, as "the growth of four centuries writ small on a single brow." It will be the aim of the following pages to trace as fully as their space allows the different stages of this "strange, eventful history."

Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton, on June 8, 1829, and like Lawrence, Landseer, and other distinguished artists, showed his artistic bent at a very early age. His father, who was a Jerseyman, went to Dinan in 1835, and, while there, the boy made sketches of the military officers, which astonished everybody, including the officers themselves, and when the Millais family came to London in 1838, it was for the purpose of properly cultivating his talents. The then President of the Royal Academy (Sir Martin Archer Shee) did not hesitate to express his opinion that "the parents of a child so gifted should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to speed him on the career for which nature has evidently intended him." So, at the age of eight years, his profession was decided, and in the winter of 1838–39 he was sent to the celebrated school of Mr. Sass. In the same year he was awarded a silver medal by the Society of Arts, and afterwards won the silver and gold medals of the Royal Academy, where he became a student in 1840. He began to paint in 1845, and in 1846 exhibited his first picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru." It was favourably noticed by a French critic, and was followed in 1847 by "Elgiva Seized by the Soldiers of Odo." So far his progress was similar to that of any other student, except that it was more rapid and distinguished; but in 1848 an event happened which gave a special direction to his energies. This was his acquaintance with Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To this great and unique genius belonged the enthusiasm, the imagination, and colour of

the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Mr. Ruskin, in his pamphlet called "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851), has pointed out that the principles which instigated the brotherhood were contained in the advice given in his first volume of "Modern Painters," published in 1843, and there is little doubt that the eloquent teaching of Mr. Ruskin hastened, if it did not create, that revolt against the outworn conventions of art, in which the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood took the lead. Such revolts are periodical in the history of art. Such was the movement of the realists of Florence in the fifteenth century, of the "Nazarenes" of Germany, of the "Men of 1830," in France, of the impressionists of to-day, and one and all were inspired by the desire to return to sincerity, and to nature as the source of it. With the three Pre-Raphaelites already mentioned were associated four others, one only of whom attained distinction as an artist. This was the late Thomas Woolner, R.A., sculptor and poet. The others were William Michael Rossetti, the brother of Dante, and a well-known critic, F. G. Stephens, also well-known as an art critic, and James Collinson, a painter little known to fame. Associated with them as contributors to their short-lived magazine *The Germ*, or more or less in sympathy with their endeavours, were Ford Madox Brown, W. H. Deverell, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, James Orchard, and W. B. Scott (all contributors to *The Germ*), Arthur Hughes, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, and later Burne-Jones and Swinburne.

So far as painting was concerned, the three leaders were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and John Everett Millais, men of extremely different temperaments. They were alike only in one thing, their devotion to nature. Rossetti was romantic, Holman Hunt didactic, Millais realistic. The two former would go neither to right nor left for anyone, living in worlds of their own, the one of poetic fantasy, the other of semi-religious enthusiasm; both were abnormal, self-centred, and unchangeable, following forever their solitary

ETCHED BY MILLAIS FOR THE FIFTH NUMBER OF "THE GERM," NEVER PUBLISHED (1850-51). IT IS BELIEVED THAT THIS ETCHING WAS INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE A STORY BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, CALLED "THE INTERCESSION OF ST. AGNES."

BY PERMISSION OF MR. C. FAIRFAX MURRAY

paths away from the world. Millais, on the contrary, was the most normal of beings, with more of the painter's temperament than either of the others; but simple-minded, given neither to mysteries nor didacticism, thinking himself neither a poet nor a prophet, but nevertheless a strong personality, who with a keen delight in the joys of ordinary life, was very sensitive to the poetic suggestions of other minds.

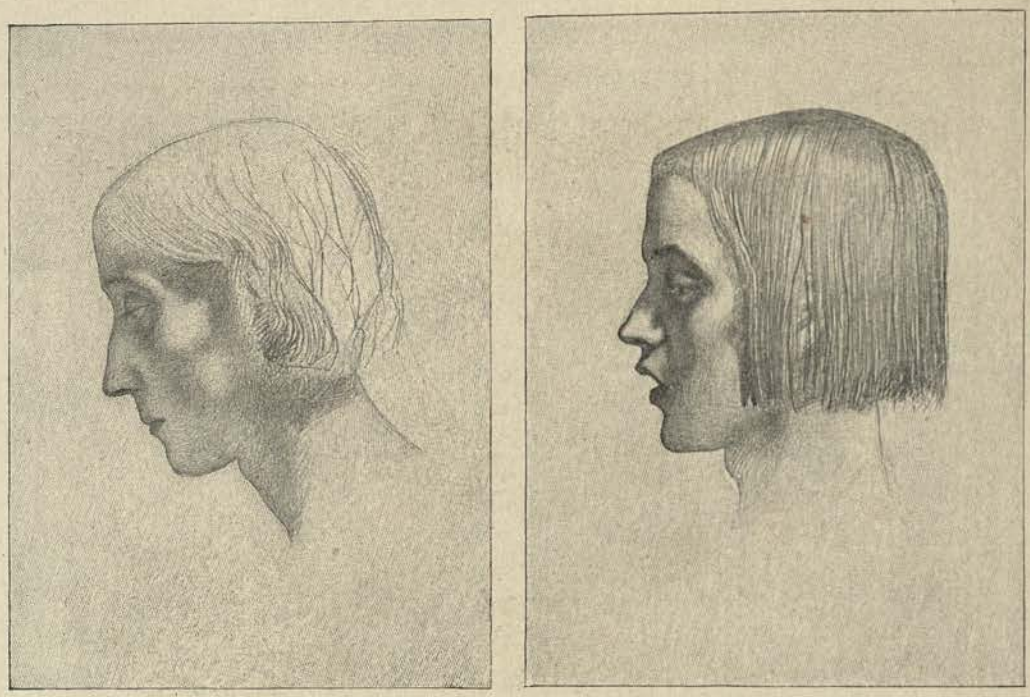
The three friends were all "intense" in their different ways: Rossetti in passion, Hunt in purpose, and Millais in observation. With extreme "flexibility of adaptation," he could so match the fidelity of Hunt and catch fire at the fancy of Rossetti, that he was easily the rival of both. At the time they first worked together Rossetti was a mere tyro in art, while Millais and Hunt were already trained artists; but Rossetti was the master mind, and exercised on Millais, as on all with whom he came in contact, an almost magical fascination. He infected Millais with his romantic glamour, with his

"Anglo-Catholic" feeling in art, with something even of his wizardry. He stimulated Millais's invention to the creation of designs as strange and powerful as his own, and far more perfect in execution. Yet Rossetti's influence was never strong enough to subdue the native impulse of Millais, which was, above all things, to hold the mirror up to nature, with only such selection as was prompted by personal liking. In that strange mixture of symbolism and naturalism which forms the peculiar fascination of Pre-Raphaelite art, it was the naturalism which was most congenial to Millais. But Millais had already been diverted from the simple expression of himself by his academical art training. He had aimed at what was then regarded as the highest form of art —historical composition. He had probably no wish to descend to what was thought the lower level of landscape, portrait, and *genre*. But he, like his associates, was dissatisfied with the popular ideal. It was false, it was second-hand, it left unrealized the beauty of the world as he saw it. The new creed which cancelled tradition and went straight to nature for inspiration without departing from the path of "high art" formed overwhelming attractions to a youth with the nature and training of Millais. The art, indeed, which these young reformers proposed to themselves was in purpose "higher" than ever. It was to represent all the old scenes from Holy Writ, all the great themes of History, all the dreams of the poets from Homer to Keats, and all the thought and passion of modern life, with a truth and force which had never been achieved before.

They called themselves Pre-Raphaelites, not because they knew a great deal about the real ones or intended to imitate their style. The movement was not so much from admiration of the Pre-Raphaelites as from dislike of the Post-Raphaelites. They would unlearn all that the centuries since the fifteenth had taught and begin again at nature and themselves—as they thought the real Pre-Raphaelites had done.

PORTRAIT OF LADY RIPON (1853)
BY PERMISSION OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON

One practice to which they attached great importance was a minute imitation of Nature's detail. Far from the idea that painting should only imitate the general impression of the sight, they even set themselves against "generalization." Every leaf, every pebble, must be painted. So far was their theory carried that a microscopic accuracy was held to be a noble quality, and painting was thought to have reached superexcellence if all the facts which it represented could



PENCIL STUDIES OF HEADS FOR THE LORENZO AND ISABELLA (1849).
BY PERMISSION OF MR. C. FAIRFAX MURRAY

not be discovered without the aid of a microscope. To excel in such work as this, Millais, with his wonderful sight and sure hand, was peculiarly qualified, and his first Pre-Raphaelite picture, the "Isabella," is a marvel of minute and complete painting, such as had not been seen since the days of Van Eyck. And it was true finish also, broad in general effect in spite of its labour, without either niggle or stipple.

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* This picture, the first Pre-Raphaelite painting by Millais, is from a scene in Keats's poem, "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," founded on Boccaccio's story descriptive of the feelings of two brothers on discovering the mutual love of Isabella and Lorenzo. Nearly all the figures are portraits of friends.

At the right, Lorenzo (partly studied from William Rossetti) holds a plate on which he offers half a cut blood orange to Isabella (Mrs. Henry Hodgkinson) who is caressing a hound.

At the left, one of the brothers (Mr. John Harris), enraged at her reception of Lorenzo's courtesy, viciously kicks the hound. A guest (William Bell Scott) wipes his lips with a napkin; another (W. Hugh Fenn) pares an apple; a third (Dante Gabriel Rossetti) is emptying his glass at the right end of the table; a serving man (Mr. Wright), with a white napkin over his arm, stands behind Isabella and Lorenzo.

LORENZO AND ISABELLA *

REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION

This wonderful exhibition of skill by a youth of nineteen, embodied all the Pre-Raphaelite doctrines. It was absolutely unconventional in composition; every figure was studied from life—most, if not all, were portraits of his friends with their features unidealized. In this work the association with Rossetti is very apparent. His next picture, "Christ in the House of His Parents," reminds one more of Holman Hunt. Here we have an imaginary incident in the life of our Lord conceived in nearly the same spirit as Hunt's much later "Shadow of the Cross." "The Carpenter's Shop" was its other title, and both are needed to explain it fully. Unless we know who the characters are it might well pass for a simple incident in daily life. An Eastern carpenter (who except for his costume looks very like an English gentleman) is examining with parental sympathy a cut in the palm of his little son's hand. The mother is greatly concerned, the grandmother removes the offending implement, the apprentice goes on with his work, and a little friend brings a bowl of water to wash the wound. Outside the window is a view of the country with sheep huddling against the house. Such are the ordinary facts of a simple domestic "accident," told with the greatest simplicity and naturalness. But there is much more intended than this, as is shown by the other title, "Christ in the House of His Parents." The facts are all symbolical. The sufferer is Christ; the mother is the Virgin; the father, Joseph; the grandmother, St. Anne; the little boy with the water is St. John, while the sheep outside symbolize the faithful. We need to be told all this to appreciate the strange mixture of plain fact and deep symbolism. No wonder it shocked people who could not penetrate the inner reverence of its intention, who only saw sacred personages treated like ordinary individuals, and sacred art reduced to *genre*. The St. John, one of the most charming of all Millais's designs, carefully treading as he balances the brimming bowl, was regarded as simply awkward; St. Anne was

likened to an old woman putting a screw of tobacco across a counter, and the Virgin, middle aged and plain, was equally an offence. There were no halos, no flowing robes of red and white and blue; it was profane as an illustration of sacred history, and was ugly and undignified as art. It raised indignation and ridicule. Both were natural and undeserved. Equal and more deserved derision was poured upon "Ferdinand and Ariel," another picture of the same year.

An illustration of Tennyson's "Mariana in the Moated Grange," a scene from Scripture, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," and an illustration of Coventry Patmore's poem of "The Woodman's Daughter," were his contributions to the Academy in 1852 and testified to the activity and variety of his invention, and "The Huguenot" and the "Ophelia" of the next year established a reputation which has never declined again. They were, of course, criticised and ridiculed freely in many quarters. "The Huguenot had only one leg," "his arm could never have got so far round his mistress's neck," "Ophelia could never have floated so comfortably," and so on; but in spite of all, the painter's mark was made. The secret of their success is not difficult to discover. The subjects were generally known and interesting to the public. The beauty of the types was indubitable, and corresponded with the popular ideal, and both pictures told their own story unmistakably. Probably the most potent factor in the success was the expression of the lovers in "The Huguenot"—the tenderness of the woman, sweet and intense, but not overstrained or affected, the struggle between duty and affection in the man, as though he said,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

And besides, there was the appeal to Protestant feeling. The picture touched the dearest sentiments of the English, it appealed to their sense of beauty, to their affections, to their love of moral courage, and

THE ORDER OF RELEASE
(A PORTRAIT OF LADY MILLAIS)
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO.

to their religious convictions. If Millais had thought it all out beforehand (and he probably did nothing of the kind) he could not have chosen a subject more attractive to the visitors of the Royal Academy. But there was the art of it also, the simplicity of arrange-

PENCIL STUDY FOR HEAD OF OPHELIA (1852)

BY PERMISSION OF MR. C. FAIRFAX MURRAY. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY DIXON & SONS

ment, the perfect gesture, the execution and bright colour. Most of the public do not regard these things at all unless the subject is to their liking, but that point achieved, they are ready to admire any other merits that may be brought to their notice. And this picture of Millais's contained qualities of execution which they could easily appreciate—fidelity to known facts, like a red-brick wall and ferns, and elaborate detail involving great labour and exactness of manipulation. The "Ophelia," a portrait of Miss Siddall (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti), was equally to their mind; the fragile, beautiful girl crazed for love, singing her death-song as she floated down the stream through a faery land of spring, touched all with its pathos and loneliness. It was also very faithful to the exquisite description of Shakespeare.

The next year he completed what may be called his trilogy of

OPHELIA

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO.

historic love-scenes by adding to "The Huguenot" the "Proscribed Royalist" and the "Order for Release." With these works may be said to end his first period of development. He had long felt the restrictions of the Pre-Raphaelite precepts. He said to William Bell Scott (about 1850) that extremely minute execution was "all nonsense," and that "one could not live doing that." The three pictures were a partial return to self-expression. They were wholly his. They contained no symbolism. They were illustrations of no poems. They were original in every sense of the word as applied to art. The "Order for Release" may claim to be his most perfect picture of incident, perhaps the finest of all his pictures.

In 1854 (the year of his marriage) Millais did not contribute to the Royal Academy. In 1855 he sent a picture which had nothing to do with the past; it was in no sense an "illustration," except of his own mind and experience. It was called "The Rescue," and represented a scene at a fire in a modern house, with a most modern mother seizing her rescued child from the arms of a modern fireman. The almost hysterical rapture of the mother reached the highest pitch of expression which the artist ever dared, and the flare of the conflagration was realized with as near an approach to truth as was possible in paint. Here was a picture such as no one had ever attempted before, and the like of which he never attempted again. Among the five works exhibited at the Royal Academy next year was the "Blind Girl," now at Birmingham, an idyl of modern life, very realistic, with a carefully executed landscape and rainbow—but the picture of the year was "Autumn Leaves," in which he for the first (and again it may be said for the last) time produced a unique effect by new means. I mean unique at the time, for it has been the father of a thousand pictures. Its freshness at the moment consisted in its absolute absence of "subject" in what would now be called a "literary" sense. It was a painted "song without words." The sub-

ject (in the painter's sense) was simple enough. A few girls, their heads relieved against an evening sky, their figures enveloped in twilight air, are heaping up dead leaves to be burnt. The healthy, but half-sad faces of the girls, the rhythm of their movement, the solemnity of the still, warm evening, the richness of the colour (too rich perhaps for absolute truth), produced a vague emotion like that aroused by a low chant heard in the distance. It was suggested by no poem, but it might well suggest not one but many. It puzzled the critics, but it remains a joy forever. In 1857 he reverted to mediævalism in "The Knight Crossing a Ford," or "Sir Isumbras"—a picture which met with ridicule, not altogether undeserved, in spite of its extraordinary force, the originality of its design, and the beauty of its parts. It was a bizarre mixture of ancient and modern. A grizzled old warrior in golden armour bestrides a very modern steed with very modern harness. Perched on the horse before him sits a charming maiden, who too evidently belongs to the nineteenth century, and behind him a little boy. This is another very transitional picture, in which he shows himself on with the new love before he is off with the old. It was the occasion of a very clever parody by F. Sandys—a large woodcut called "Nightmare," in which the horse was changed to a donkey (Ruskin), the knight into Millais, the girl into Rossetti, and the boy into Holman Hunt. The picture, which now belongs to Mr. R. H. Benson, has been recently painted upon by the artist, who has transformed the horse into a substantial charger and arrayed it in rich mediæval trappings.

Next year came two pictures which may be said to close the transitional period between his Pre-Raphaelite and later manner or manners. These were "The Vale of Rest" and "Spring." The former is another unique picture, presenting a scene from modern life which yet preserved the sentiment of the past, a subject that he could treat with absolute fidelity to nature, and yet touch a profound depth of

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY PERMISSION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE CITY ART GALLERY, MANCHESTER

spiritual feeling. In its union of art and poetry it fulfilled the spirit of *The Germ*. This picture of nuns in the convent garden, one employed in digging her grave and the other in solemn meditation; this scene in the gloaming where tall poplars rise against the sky, barred by a purple coffin-shaped cloud, and still rich with the subdued glory of the sunset, produced a profound impression, only marred to some minds by the plain features of the nuns, one of whom was repainted by the artist. "Spring," with its band of light-hearted girls sporting under apple-trees in full blossom, was painted with wonderful freedom and force, and may be regarded as the "L'Allegro" to the "Il Penseroso" of "Autumn Leaves." In this picture the true nature of the artist bursts out. However much his invention might be stimulated by association with more visionary minds, and however great his sympathy with the poetry of romance, or the dreams of bygone days, his heart was with the present. After this there was no more symbolism, real or attempted, in his painted work.

The change that had come over the spirit of his dream was shown plainly by the picture of "The Black Brunswicker" (1860) which at once challenged comparison with "The Huguenot," and in spite of the mature mastery and boldness of its execution was a disappointment to those who looked to Millais for pleasures of a "higher strain." Despite the beauty of the lady (studied from Miss Kate Dickens, afterwards Mrs. Perugini) the figures were comparatively uninteresting, and their expression commonplace. The old Millais was dead, the new Millais was scarcely born.

Another picture about this time (1863), which showed his tendency to express his impression of past events without much attempt to reconstruct the age in which they happened, was the "St. Agnes's Eve." The subject was taken from Keats's poem, and on the walls in the same exhibition hung another treatment of the subject, by Arthur Hughes, a triptych, as remarkable for its mediæval, as Millais's for its

ROSALIND AND CELIA

CELIA: "I PRAY YOU BEAR WITH ME, I CANNOT GO NO FURTHER."—AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT II., SCENE IV.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO.

modern, treatment. Hughes, unlike Millais, followed the poet in his error of making the moon transmit the daylight colours of the painted glass which, according to the poem, "threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast." The only antique thing in Millais's picture (and that surely not antique enough) was the large, many-windowed room at Knole House, where the scene is set. The lady might have been one of the guests at Knole in 1863, but the moonlight flooding the room, blanching the maiden, and glistering in her jewels—such moonlight has seldom been painted before or since.

During the decade from 1861 (in which year he did not exhibit) to 1871 his choice of subject was more varied than ever. Besides pictures of child life and portraits he painted subjects from poetry, history and the Bible. Among them were "The Romans leaving Britain,"

SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ

BY PERMISSION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"Esther," and "Jephthah," "Stella" and "Vanessa," "The Gambler's Wife," and "The Widow's Mite," "Rosalind and Celia," and "The Knight Errant," "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "Victory, O Lord!" "Chill October," and "Flowing to the Sea"—his two first-exhibited landscapes. These pictures and "Pilgrims to St. Paul's" may be said to include the whole range of his inventive power, and manipulative skill. The latter was sometimes employed in undisguised emulation of Velasquez, as in "Vanessa" and the "Souvenir of Velasquez," with

their force of colour and sweeping brushwork. Space will not allow me to describe these pictures, but most of them have been engraved, and the lively spirit of the "White Cockade" and "Charlie is My Darling," the pathos and beauty of "The Gambler's Wife," and the idyllic charm of "Rosalind and Celia" are widely known. Of all, the most ambitious were "The Knight Errant" and "Victory, O Lord!" The former was remarkable for the nude figure of the distressed lady, a masterpiece of realistic flesh-painting; the latter as the only picture in which, since the days of his academical training, he had treated a heroic subject demanding a strenuous effort of the imagination. The subject is the watching of Joshua's fight with Amalek; Moses seated at the top of the hill, his hands upheld by Aaron and Hur. The conception is impressive and all the heads are fine, but the figure of Hur, standing like a watch-tower against the sky, and the light glancing on his eagle eye, diverted attention from the others by its exceeding force. More successful than either of these must be rated "The Boyhood of Raleigh." Two young and beautiful boys (Millais's own sons, one, alas, since dead) are listening with intense interest to the glowing description of a mariner, who, in his bronze limbs, wild aspect and picturesque costume, brings with him much of the glamour of the New World, from which he had just returned. A few flashing feathers of tropical birds effectively introduced add greatly to the romantic feeling and fine colour of the picture. This was almost the last picture permeated throughout with dramatic feeling, as "Victory, O Lord!" was his last attempt at what was once termed "high art." Besides "The Boyhood of Raleigh" many others of the artist's most popular pictures of children belong to this period, during which he became the father of a family. These pictures were, to a certain extent, a new departure, for though his designs always showed a great love for children and delight in their beauty, he now promoted them, as it were, to a level with their elders, and devoted whole canvases to studies of their charms.

THE MINUET

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO.

So we have the "Sleeping" and "Waking," "The First Sermon," "The Second Sermon," and "The Minuet" (all portraits of his own children), and many others, including "The Flood," a record of a real incident at Sheffield in 1864. The subject is a baby, cast adrift in a

THE FLOOD

BY PERMISSION OF ARTHUR LUCAS, ART PUBLISHER, LONDON, PROPRIETOR AND COPYRIGHTER

very seaworthy cradle of wood, floating unconcernedly down the swollen tide with her little black kitten "swearing" on the poop. This picture is not so well known as many of inferior charm, but it is now the property of Mr. Arthur Lucas, the print publisher, who, in accordance with the artist's own wish, employed Mr. McCulloch to engrave it on a large scale.

No doubt his works from 1861 showed a freer exercise of power, an impulse more singly derived from nature and experience, even when their subjects were not modern. Combined with these qualities was a less restrained delight in painting for its own sake. He had long passed his apprenticeship, and his knowledge and command of his materials enabled him to produce the desired pictorial result with far less labour and a more telling effect of general truth. Though less laborious, he was equally industrious, but his newer method enabled him, by increased productiveness, to take more advantage of his fer-

tility of invention. The stages of his development are not shown more clearly in his pictures than in his book illustrations. To his early Pre-Raphaelite period belongs a rare etching designed in illustration of a story by Rossetti for that fifth number of *The Germ*, which never appeared. Here we see a painter standing by his easel and intently gazing at a girl who is seated straight in a chair attended by two others. The meaning of the design is unknown to me, but it would be explained by the theory that the girl was very ill and that her lover was attempting to paint her portrait before she died. To a later stage belong his illustrations to the famous edition of Tennyson, issued by Moxon in 1858, which included the exquisite figure of St. Agnes sitting by her window, while "Deep on the convent roof the snows are sparkling to the moon," and the illustrations to "Dora." In these lovely drawings the final form and expression is dictated by a poetical sympathy with his subject. To these succeeded a large number of charming illustrations to *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and (in the *Cornhill Magazine*) to Trollope's novels, "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "Phineas Finn." In the later ones he adopted a less careful, though still a masterly, style, and paid less regard to individuality of character, though sometimes, as in "Was It Not a Lie?" ("Framley Parsonage"), he very forcibly realized a situation. In some of these he seems to attempt to produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of means. A few apparently careless lines are sufficient to produce a vivid impression of a figure or two set in a landscape or room, the main features of which are indicated with a few expressive lines betraying great power of observation and knowledge of effect.

These were the days of a new style of engraving on wood, in which the engraver sought to produce as faithfully as possible the very lines of the designer, who drew them himself upon the wood. Among the engravers most noted for their skill in this method of

reproduction were Messrs. Dalziel, and among the artists whose drawings they fac-similed there was none so skilful as Millais. Unfortunately the process involved the loss of the drawing, which under even the most skilful cutting lost much of its original beauty. Two at least of his fine illustrations to the parables of our Lord, "The Woman Seeking for a Piece of Money" and "The Enemy Sowing Tares," also formed the subject of pictures, but the former of these has perished. His latest and perhaps his best illustrations of all are those to "Barry Lyndon" in the *edition de luxe* of Thackeray's works.

To return to his pictures. After 1871 he did not altogether cease to treat historical or romantic subjects. In 1877 he painted two illustrations of Scott for Messrs. Agnew—"Effie Deans" and "The Master of Ravenswood"—the first of which excels in the direct and simple telling of a story, and the pathos of the girl with her "snood" in her hand. He painted also the well-known "Princes in the Tower," and the "Princess Elizabeth," charming pictures of children, but more domestic than historical in feeling. It may be said generally that from this time forth he devoted himself simply to recording his daily impressions of the world around him, without taxing his already well-proved powers of invention, or seeking suggestions for his imagination from history or fable. Shakespeare and the Bible were left alone, and instead we had "Cherry Ripe," and "Mr. Gladstone." Whether this diversion of his genius is to be regretted or not is a question upon which opinions are divided. To some it seemed a desertion of higher spiritual and intellectual aims, to others the free assertion of his own personality, the recognition of his right function of an artist. It is also a question whether he could or should have endeavoured to blend more of the old Millais with the new, and employed his perfectly matured skill in realizing the conceptions of

THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION

his finer fancy. Millais's course cannot be altered now. It was probably inevitable, a normal growth affected only by some extraneous conditions at its outset, not unlike that of a tree on whose robust stem some rare variety has been grafted to flourish only for awhile.

At all events, during the last twenty-four years of his life, Millais was himself and nothing but himself. If he dropped some threads in 1872, he set up at least one new one—for the famous "Chill October," the first and finest of all his landscapes, was exhibited in that year. It has a unity in design, a prevalent sentiment, that his others, if equally fine in execution, usually lack. In dexterity and truth, Millais's landscape work is pre-eminent, but his impressions of nature returned from his mind to the canvas little altered in material aspect, little tinged with subjective feeling. In this he is truly Pre-Raphaelite, omitting nothing, adding nothing, almost, one might say, selecting nothing; but this would be going too far, for his personality is strongly reflected in his landscapes, and their authorship is unmistakable. One would think he was so overpowered by the beauty of nature that he saw no fault in her. Each aspect took him with delight, and he was contented to reflect that delight without any sophistication of personal mood or imported sentiment. His is not, perhaps, the highest kind of landscape, it surprises and pleases, but does not greatly move; but of its kind it is unsurpassable in truth and variety. When we remember the evening skies of "The Vale of Rest" and "Autumn Leaves," the orchard of "Spring," the village and the rainbow behind the "Blind Girl," the river of the "Flood," and then think of the later series of pure landscapes—"Chill October," "Flowing to the Sea," "Flowing to the River," "Scotch Firs," "Winter Fuel," "The Fringe of the Moor," "Over the Hills and Far Away," and "The Sound of Many Waters" (to mention no others), it is difficult to recall the names of many other landscape painters who have realized so many phases of nature with greater force and skill. If his landscapes seem less impregnated with sentiment than his figure pictures, that is probably because inanimate nature has no sentiment of her own. His regard of human nature remained

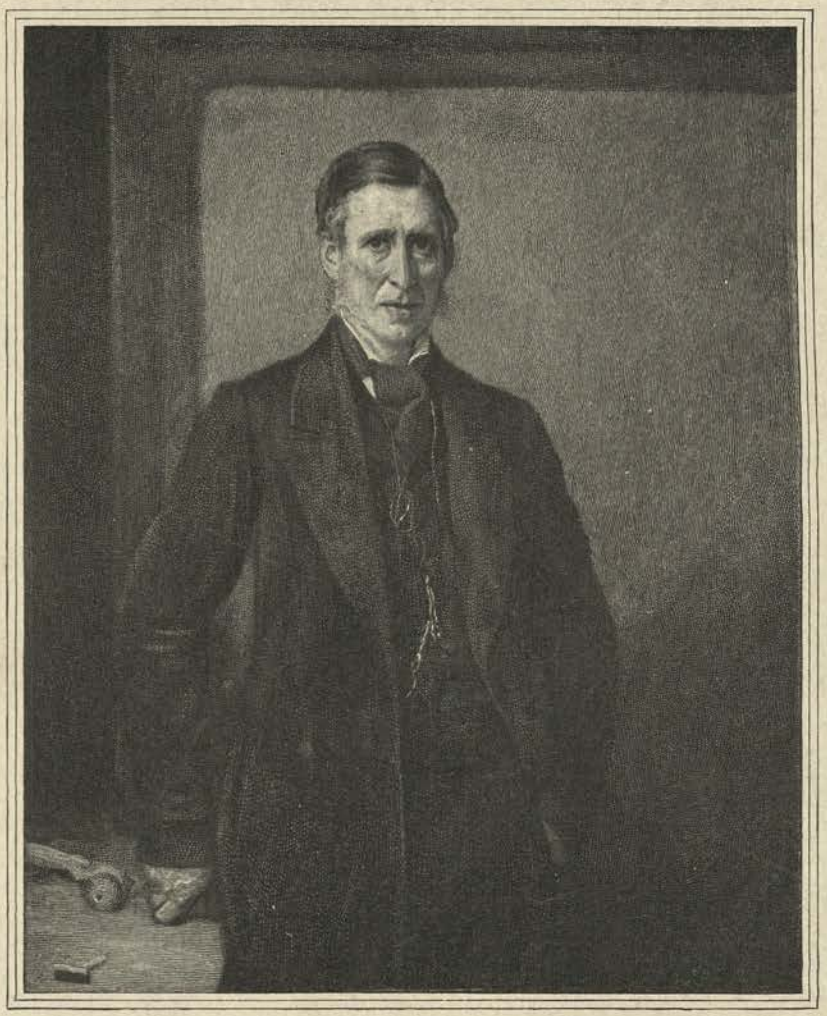
really much the same during at least the last twenty-five years of his life. He was, as a rule, content with all things as he found them—men and women, costume, furniture, ornaments, without even exercising greatly his personal taste, trusting to make a pleas-

"STITCH, STITCH, STITCH" (1876)

BY PERMISSION OF MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A., TO WHOM THE ORIGINAL WAS PRESENTED BY THE ARTIST. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HOLLYER

ant whole by the truth and beauty of his colour and the imitative force of his execution. He gives us the sense and pleasure of the presence of individuals, the living touch of the present. It does not matter much whether they are called portraits or have fancy titles, for nearly every figure he drew was a portrait, done in the spirit of portraiture, with more or less delight in the character or the beauty of the face.

Generally these later pictures of his were of single figures only and made themselves as it were. "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," for instance, is but the portrait of a girl sewing, rather shabbily dressed and a little weary in expression; but sometimes a little more was needed than the fresh study freshly planted on the canvas, and accessories were introduced, not always quite successfully, to "make up." He painted his daughters in charming pictures, such as "New Laid Eggs" and "Forbidden Fruit," much as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his niece "Offy." He painted Trelawney in the "North-West Passage," one of the largest and most celebrated of his works, the head of the grand old vagabond forming not only the focus of the pic ture but its entire interest, for the auditor in this case, unlike young Raleigh and his friend, is not interesting in herself nor in her costume, though both she and all the rest of the picture, with its furniture, maps and other litter, the glass of grog, and the river view out of the window, are painted with masterly suggestiveness. As a piece of craftsmanship and professional knowledge it is no doubt a *chef-d'œuvre*, but as a painted drama it cannot compare with such a picture as "The Boyhood of Raleigh," where the charm of invention warms the whole canvas. Still more dependent for its effect on sheer power of painting is "The Yeoman of the Guard;" and the "Idyl of 1745" may be mentioned as an example of a large composition of several figures in which there is little to admire except this wonderful power of paint. The subjects of which he



PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES PAGET, F.R.S., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ETC., ETC., ETC. (1872)

BY PERMISSION OF THE GOVERNORS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY DIXON & SONS

was most fond during his later years were portraits and pictures of girls and children. In some of the latter he took hints from Sir Joshua Reynolds, but not more perhaps than Sir Joshua Reynolds took from others. Many of these, like "Cherry Ripe," "Little Miss Muffett," "Pomona," and "Bubbles," have been represented so freely by engraving and chromo-lithography that it is scarcely necessary to

refer to them. Suffice it to say that from the beginning to the end of his career, from St. John the Baptist in "Christ in the House of His Parents" to the portrait of the little Hon. John Nevile Manners, of 1896, his love of children has been constantly shown in his work.

Of his portraits of men several are in a true sense historical. Watts may have given us more of the inner workings of a man's soul and intellect, but no one has grasped more forcibly the whole outward appearance of an individual at a given moment. The leonine presence of Mr. Gladstone, the fire of his glance, the keenness of the intellectual gladiator, watchful and ready for a spring—what he really looked like in his finest moments—has been given by nobody like Millais in the portraits of 1879 and 1885. Equally fine and perhaps more difficult in subject is his portrait of John Bright. Among many others of national value are those of Sir James Paget and Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeons; Thomas Carlyle, Lord Tennyson, Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, Henry Irving, Cardinal Newman, and the artist's friend and brother painter, J. C. Hook, R.A.

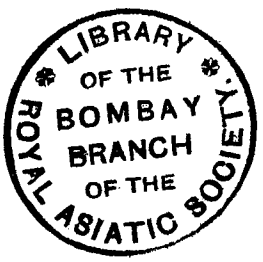
For a period of nearly fifty years Millais was before the public as an artist, and for the greater part of that time he sustained his reputation as the greatest painter of his day. He painted history, romance, poetry, landscape, portrait, and made his mark in each. No one else has attempted a wider ranger of subject, few have shown a greater variety of invention, or approached him in his command over tools and materials. It was only within the last few years that he showed any decline of power, and it was only a few weeks before his death that Mr. Watts, his great colleague, observed to me of one of his pictures in the exhibition of the Royal Academy (1896), that as painting it was "as good as ever." His art is in no sense ideal; his imagination cannot body forth things unknown, or rise to any great heroic height; he has never attempted to represent rapid or violent action, but inside these lines his powers are splendid and exuberant.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART.

An almost matchless draughtsman, a colourist of great truth and force, a painter of extraordinary imitative power, with a handling, not always pleasant perhaps, but of the utmost sureness and freedom, he has left a body of work which both for quantity and quality has scarcely been equalled in modern art. Indeed, the whole of his work has been so sincere and full of fresh life, it reflects so forcibly his own personality and the living spirit of his day, that it is difficult to believe that it can ever become uninteresting to posterity.

His life was uneventful, but prosperous and fully enjoyed. Though when he was young he, it is said, was discouraged by want of success, he had not long to wait for it. An associate at five-and-twenty, an Academician at thirty-four, and ever afterwards the most popular of British artists, he had little to complain of professionally. He was created a baronet in 1885, held honorary degrees at the Universities of Oxford and Durham, was a member of the Institute of France, and an officer of the Legion of Honor, the Order of Leopold, the Order of St. Maurice, and the Prussian Order "Pour le Mérite." He was also a member of many Academies. He succeeded Lord Leighton as President of the Royal Academy in January, 1896. Of vigorous constitution, fond of all sports, especially of hunting and fishing, he enjoyed his play as much as his work. He, no doubt, had his sorrows, his mortifications, and his trials like the rest of us, but it cannot be said of him that his life was a dull or a sad one. He was dearly loved by nearly all who ever heard his cheery voice or looked upon his handsome and honest face. He was popular, not least among students, to whom he always gave kind encouragement and valuable help. Mr. G. H. Boughton, R. A., tells me that he helped not as others would, with a word of advice only, but would seize a piece of paper and rapidly draw a hand or foot in rapid but perfect lines, and leave it with the student, saying only, "That's what you want." It need scarcely be added that his mind

and character were truly reflected in his heart. He was neither a profound thinker nor a learned scholar, but his mind was singularly sympathetic, observant and apprehensive. He was perhaps a man of action rather than words, but had more than an ordinary share of just judgment and common sense. A strong Conservative, he had a great hatred of all innovation, but at least in his view of art he was very tolerant and comprehensive—as indeed a man should be who had learned, as he did, something from nearly every great artist from Van Eyck to Reynolds. He died on Thursday, August 13th, 1896, of a disease of the larynx, and on the Thursday following was buried with due honours in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he lies with Reynolds and Turner, with Leighton and Wren.



BARON
LEIGHTON
OF
STRETTON

LORD LEIGHTON
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY
FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH MADE
IN 1895 BY J. RUSSELL & SON

THE SUMMER MOON

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. P. & D. COLNAGHI

"THE enemy, then, is this indifference in the presence of the ugly; it is only by the victory over this apathy that you can rise to better things; it is only by the rooting out and extermination of what is ugly that you can bring about conditions in which beauty shall be a power among you." These words are taken from the Presidential Address by Lord (then Sir Frederick) Leighton, at the Art Congress of Liverpool in 1888, and they embody, in a few words, the artistic creed of the speaker. From the beginning to the end of his career the aim of his art was to cultivate the spirit of pure, unalloyed beauty. He was not content to make a beautiful whole out of imperfect or unlovely elements, but,

STUDY OF A GIRL
BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST

like the ancient Greeks, he determined that every item of his compositions, to the very smallest detail, should be beautiful of its kind and wrought with the utmost care. If the millennium is to be brought about by the "extermination of what is ugly," he did his best by precept and practice to hasten its advent.

It may perhaps be stated as the distinction of Leighton among his peers, that he worshipped beauty, and especially the beauty of form, more exclusively than they. There is little or nothing of the mystic or the didactic in his art, which exists to create beautiful images. Often beauty is their sole motive, sometimes they clothe a beautiful idea, sometimes they present a fine dramatic scene; but in all cases the treatment is essentially æsthetic, whether the subject be the face of a woman, or some tremendous theme like "Hercules Wrestling with Death," or "Rizpah Defending the Dead Bodies of her Children." No violence is sufficient to make his draperies fall in ungraceful folds; no passion will disturb his features to disfigurement; with the pathos of deformity his art has no concern, and it has little toleration even for strength without refinement. In these respects he followed the traditions of the finest artists of Greece; and in others also, for he went to nature for his models, and his ideal was no fantastic offspring of his own imagination, but the perfect development of a normal body. It was not confined to one type of beauty, and perhaps, therefore, I should have

said his "ideals," for there have been few other artists so devoted to beauty in the abstract, who had also so wide a feeling for its different manifestations. If we could gather together all his female heads,

STUDY FOR FATIDICA
BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST

we should find Greek and English, Turkish and Italian, French and Spanish, blonde and brunette, severe and lively, robust and delicate—a very gallery of different types, but each beautiful after its kind, with a beauty of pure form, independent of accident or expression. These heads are studies from nature, but they are ideal also, for

they are all moulded with an elegance, draped with a refinement, and coloured with a charm which are personal to the artist.

After saying this it may seem, at first sight, to be somewhat of a contradiction to affirm that another distinction of Leighton's art is its impersonality; but, except that it betrays his love of beauty in all its phases, his elevated feeling, his wide culture, and a taste refined almost to fastidiousness, we learn little from it about its author. It would be difficult, without other aid, to divine the school or schools in which he was trained, or even the nationality to which he belongs; while of his personal experiences of life, his convictions, predilections, or opinions, his artistic work shows no signs. He elected to keep his art apart from all current influences, from fashionable sentiment, and even from the attractions of association. On the other hand, he never attempted to dissociate himself from his country or his century by the adoption of a foreign or an antique style. The movements of the Pre-Raphaelites and the Mediævalists affected him as little as those of the more modern Gallicists and Impressionists. He was himself, without affectation, neither aping old masters nor imitating new ones, but he searched for beauty everywhere, and rendered it in accordance with the order of his own mind. He always followed "art for art's sake" in more than one sense of that much abused phrase. He followed it perhaps too completely as an end in itself, but he followed it also in the finest sense of all, for he endeavoured, "for art's sake," to sustain its ancient dignity, as an inspirer of noble emotion and a giver of pure delight.

It was once said by one of Leighton's most distinguished colleagues, that he was "born President of the Royal Academy," and birth has perhaps more to do with it than is apparent at first sight. At all events he was, as the phrase has it, a "born artist" of cultured parents, and was brought up under conditions favourable to the development of those qualities of mind, character, and manners, which can

alone enable a man to fulfil all the duties of a President of the Royal Academy with becoming ease and dignity.

Although an Englishman, Leighton was brought up abroad, and this is no doubt a sufficient reason why his works seem to stand apart from those of his contemporaries of the English School. Born at Scarborough on the 3d of December, 1830, the son of a doctor, he was taken abroad at a very early age, on account of his mother's delicate health. He did not return to England except for short visits till he was thirty years old. He soon showed such a distinct predilection for art, that though his father did not wish him to follow it professionally, he gave him every opportunity of cultivating his taste, while not neglecting other studies. In 1840 the Leightons went to Rome, where he learnt drawing regularly under Signor Meli. They then moved to Dresden and Berlin, where he attended classes at the Academy. In 1843 he was sent to school at Frankfort, and in the winter of the following year accompanied his family to Florence. It was here that his future career was finally settled. His father consulted Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor, who in answer to the question, "Shall I make him an artist?" replied, "Sir, you have no choice in the matter; nature has done it for you."

He now attended anatomy classes under Zanetti, and was sent to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, but soon returned to his studies at Frankfort, and received no further direct instruction in art for five years. He went to Brussels in 1848, where he met Wiertz and Gallait, and painted some pictures, including "Cimabue finding Giotto," "Othello and Desdemona," and a portrait of himself. In 1849 he spent a few months in Paris, studying from the nude and copying Titian in the Louvre. He then returned to Frankfort, where he settled down to really serious work under Edward Steinle.

Steinle belonged to the Christian or Gothic movement in German art, a revolt against classicism in style and Paganism in feeling,

CIMABUE'S MADONNA CARRIED IN PROCESSION

BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND. IT WAS THE FIRST PICTURE EXHIBITED BY THE ARTIST, AND WAS PURCHASED BY THE QUEEN FROM THE WALLS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

corresponding in some degree to the "Romantic" movement in France, but actuated by an intensely religious feeling. It was started by a devoted band of young men from various parts of Germany, among whom were Overbeck and Cornelius, Schadow and Veit, Schnor and Führich, who for some years lived in Rome, leading an ascetic life and imitating Raphael and his precursors as the classicists imitated Greek art. Steinle left Rome in 1833 and had been settled at Frankfort for some eleven years before Leighton became his pupil. There was probably no other German artist who could have been more useful to Leighton at this period. Though he belonged to the

THROUGH THE STREETS OF FLORENCE

IN FRONT OF THE MADONNA WALKS CIMABUE CROWNED WITH LAURELS; BY HIS SIDE IS HIS PUPIL GIOTTO; BEHIND THE MADONNA ARE ARNOLFO DI LAPO, GADDO GADDI, ANDREA TAFI, NICOLA PISANO, BUFALMACCO, AND SIMONE MEMMI, WITH DANTE IN THE CORNER

"Nazarenes," which was the nickname of his school, he had a strong romantic vein and a refined feeling for colour, which the others for the most part lacked. On the other hand, no one was more qualified to instil the high principles of his fellows, their desire to sustain art at the noblest level, to exclude all that was ugly, base or trivial, to cultivate severe design, and an execution conscientious, unhurried and complete. Whether or not we regard the "Nazarenes" as mistaken in their aim, there is no doubt they followed in the footsteps of the greatest Italian artists, in sparing no efforts for the complete organization of their works, in building up dignified compositions by the

adjustment of component parts beautiful in themselves, and so constructing a whole—unified, well-balanced and coherent. While it must be left for some future historian to examine minutely the effect of Leighton's German masters on his art, it is plain that their example as regards these qualities was not lost, and that the personal genius of Steinle, as shown in such pictures as the "Violin Player" and "Loreley," was not without its influence on his pupil. Yet, though Leighton spent so many years at Frankfort, and there received the greater part of his artistic training, his heart, if we may judge from the subjects of his early pictures, always remained at Florence. At Paris, as has been stated, he painted "Cimabue finding Giotto" and "Othello and Desdemona," and among the works executed under Steinle we hear of a picture of "Tybalt and Romeo" and a cartoon of the "Plague at Florence," a sketch for which was in the possession of the artist at his death. Though the instruction of Meli at Rome and of Bezzuoli and Segnolini at Florence had been superseded, not even Steinle could make him see beauty through German spectacles. Indeed, though still a youth when he was placed under this master, his taste had been cultivated by sojourn in many countries, and if not completely formed, it was probably strong enough to resist undue pressure from his immediate surroundings. The love not only of Italian art, but of Italy itself, is very plain in the first picture by which he became known to the British public. This was "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence." It had no title in the catalogue, but instead there was a description which ran thus:

"Cimabue's celebrated Madonna is carried in procession through the streets of Florence; in front of the Madonna, and crowned with laurels, walks Cimabue himself with his pupil, Giotto; behind it, Arnolfo di Lapo, Gaddo Gaddi, Andrea Tafi, Nicola Pisano, Bufalmacco and Simone Memmi; in the corner, Dante."

The exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1855 was a very memorable one, for it contained the most celebrated of all Holman Hunt's

MEMORIES

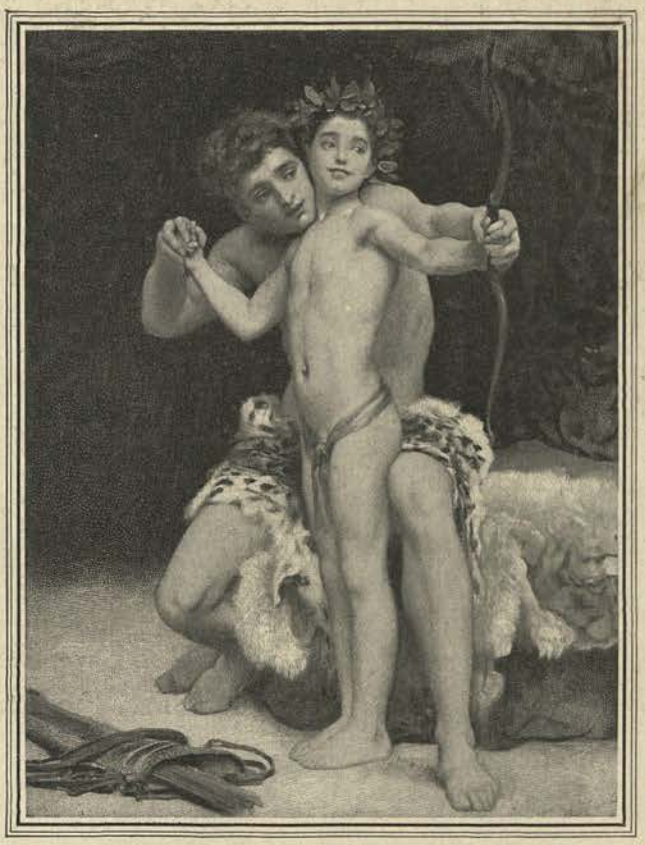
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. P. & D. COLNAGHI

pictures—and perhaps one may venture to say, one of the most celebrated pictures of the century—"The Light of the World." There was also Hunt's "Awakened Conscience," which excited almost as much attention, and "The Rescue" by Millais, who had already attained his Associateship by "The Huguenot" and other of his famous early pictures. The public mind was so absorbed with the works of the Pre-Raphaelites that, to divert their attention to a picture in a new but different style was no easy feat; yet Leighton's "Procession" did more than this, it created a sensation of its own. Its size alone compelled attention; it occupied nearly the whole side of one of the rooms, and it was hung on the line, an honour to a young and quite unknown artist which could not be ignored; and it was unlike anything which the British public had ever seen. And when it was examined surprise gave way to admiration at its stately arrangement of beautiful forms and its strange, rich beauty of colour. Even Ruskin praised it, and many of those who demanded a deeper moral significance, a stronger subjective expression in a work of art, and who sneered at it as a "mere pageant" and "only decorative," were impressed; while others went home possessed with a new and inexplicable joy. Of the latter, I, then a schoolboy, was one, and wrote as perhaps others wrote, lines about it in which the future eminence of the artist was prophesied with a confidence only equalled by the poorness of the verses.

Though this was the first of Leighton's works exhibited in England, some tidings of his promise had already arrived there. He had visited England in 1851 to see the Great Exhibition, and he had spent two years and more in Rome since he left Frankfort in 1852. His agreeable manners, his many accomplishments, and his familiarity with continental languages made him welcome and at ease in the distinguished and cultivated society which gathered in the Rome of those days. It was there he first made the acquaintance of Thack-

eray, who told Millais that he had just met in Rome a "versatile young dog who will run you hard for the presidentship one day."

It is somewhat remarkable that the success of "The Procession of Cimabue's Madonna" did not induce Leighton to make another



"HIT!"

BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE ART JOURNAL, OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT

effort in the same direction. It still remains almost unique among his pictures. He has given us other processions, but scarcely any other vision of mediæval Italy. This was certainly not from any lack of personal interest, as may be seen by his fine "Italian Crossbow Man" of 1863, the noble "Dante in Exile" of 1864, his "Condottiere" of

THE MUSIC LESSON

BY PERMISSION OF THE LONDON FINE ART SOCIETY

1872, his mural painting in the South Kensington Museum of the "Arts of War," and not least, his admirable illustrations to George Eliot's "Romola." In the latter we see his sympathy with Florence and the Florentines, with the picturesqueness of its architecture and of its costumes in the fifteenth century. They show us also a side of his nature which he has generally carefully excluded from his pictures, his sense of character, his perception of humour. Taken as a whole, the Romola series is more representative of the artist's indi-

viduality, and the range of his human sympathies, than all his other works put together. It is a little world in itself. It touches notes in almost every octave of human nature, from brightest joy to deepest tragedy, from the finest pathos to the gayest of frolic. It introduces us to all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the austere ecclesiastic to the grinning street boy, and all of these are delineated with a power and veracity which speak of a wide interest in humanity and a rare keenness of observation. As we turn the pages on which the strange, momentous history of Romola and Tessa, of Tito and Baldassare, is so powerfully depicted, and the old surging life of Florence is brought before our eyes with such vividness and vivacity, it is impossible not to regret that the genius of Leighton should not have returned more frequently to an atmosphere in which it breathed so freely, and scenes amid which it seemed so completely at home.

But a rarer air invited him. The serene and elevated beauty of Athens prevailed as a rival against the more picturesque charms of Florence. The claims of abstract beauty were preferred to the richness and variety of character, and Leighton's artistic imagination sought an ideal which seemed to it more perfect and more pure. A strong indication of the path which it was in future to follow most devotedly, was given by his second contribution to the Royal Academy. This was in 1856, when he sent a large picture called "The Triumph of Music;" Orpheus, by the power of his art, redeems his wife from Hades. It was a failure. Leighton had boldly represented Orpheus as playing on a fiddle. If my recollection serves me, it was life-size, and perhaps more than life-size. The fiddle, which Leighton chose instead of the lyre on account of its inimitable range of expression, is doubtless accountable for much, but not all, of the coolness with which it was received. It is memorable chiefly as showing that Leighton, even when engaged on classical themes, determined to

THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE

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63965

work out his own conceptions without too much regard either to tradition or public opinion.

The conception of his first Orpheus was Romantic; and it was not till 1864, when his second appeared, that the Hellenic spirit began to predominate in his work. During much of the "Romantic" period he lived a great deal abroad. The years 1855–58 were partly spent in Paris, where he painted his first Orpheus. In 1858 he visited London and made the acquaintance of the leading Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, and the spring of 1859 was passed at Capri, where he was much impressed by the fine type of the inhabitants. Part of the year was spent in Rome, and it was not till 1860 that he had a settled residence in England. In this year he took up his quarters at No. 2 Orme Square, Bayswater, where he stayed till he removed in 1866 to his home in Holland Park Road, Kensington. It was a ballad of Goethe which suggested a pretty little picture of "The Fisherman and the Syren" in 1858, and the "Lieder ohne Worte," in 1861, was German at least in title. "The Star of Bethlehem" in 1862, and "Jezebel and Ahab taking Possession of Naboth's Vineyard," were his first biblical pictures, and both in conception and execution were far finer than any other works on the walls. To this period belong a few subjects from Italian history and poetry, like the "Paolo e Francesca" (1861), and "Michael Angelo Nursing his Dying Servant" (1862), but the rest were principally actuated by a pure joy of life and beauty, like "A Girl Feeding Peacocks" (1863), and the "Odalisque" (1862), compositions marked by the rhythm of line and luxury of colour which are among the most constant attributes of his art. The "Odalisque," the motive of which was the sympathy between the elegant lines of a beautiful woman and a swan, may be regarded as his first dream of oriental beauty, with which he afterwards showed so great a sympathy.

In 1864 he exhibited three remarkable works, "Dante in Exile,"

the most powerful of his Italian pictures, "Orpheus and Eurydice" (signalizing his return to classical subject), and "Golden Hours," one of the most perfect of his simple dreams of beauty. In its reliance for effect upon the beautiful arrangement of form and colour, it reminds us of the work of Albert Moore, an artist of as exquisite, if more limited, taste. Before the next year's exhibition he had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. After that the main effort of his life was to realize dreams of beauty suggested by classic myth and history. If we add to pictures of this kind a few of which the subject is Scripture, a few more of which the suggestion came from the Orient, one or two of a tenderer sentiment, like the beautiful "Wedded Bliss" (one of the most popular of his pictures), a number of studies of various types of female beauty, Teresina, Biondina, Amarilla, etc., and an occasional portrait, we shall pretty nearly exhaust the classes into which this painter's work can be divided.

The Academy of 1865 contained "David"—one of the most beautiful of his scriptural pictures. The psalmist is musing on his palace top at night and longing for the "wings of a dove" that he might "fly away and be at rest." It is remarkable for the quiet solemnity of its sentiment, a mood of spiritual yearning which Leighton has seldom indulged. Nearest to it in biblical feeling is perhaps the "Elisha" of 1881, where the pathetic figure of the venerable prophet crouched over the outstretched body of the widow's son, forms a composition of grave beauty. In his other pictures of this class, especially his illustrations to Dalziel's Bible, the text seems to have excited his imagination to conceptions more objective and violent. The Samson pinning the young lion against a rock, and the desperate "Rizpah" of 1893 are instances of this. In the "Rizpah," which is one of the most original and carefully studied of his compositions, he has allowed the horror of the situation to overpower the deeper elements of its tragedy. Like also in unwonted audacity of design

THE BATH OF PSYCHE

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is the "St. Jerome" of 1868 (his diploma picture), in which the strange and almost grotesque silhouette of the faithful lion sitting upright against the sky attracts the attention too forcibly. Both this and the "Elijah in the Wilderness" (1879) are impressive in conception and full of fine qualities of drawing and colour. But perhaps the greatest of all his designs from sacred history is that of Cain and Abel in Dalziel's Bible. The scene is the rocky bed of a watercourse high in the mountains. Above, across the stones, the fair young body of Abel lies in the sun, while in the foreground, his face hidden in his own shade, the first murderer, dizzy with dread, and feeling his way with his hands, creeps crouching round a huge bowlder. No greater contrast could be found than that between these noble but agitated conceptions, and the calm atmosphere of luxurious enjoyment which surrounds his few exquisite pictures of the Orient, painted after seeing the East with his own eyes in 1867, 1868, and 1873. In 1868 he went up the Nile with M. de Lesseps, and in 1873 he reached Damascus. Impressions, also oriental in character, were received during a visit to Spain in 1866. Wherever he went he made little vivid sketches which used to cover much of his studio walls and were eagerly competed for at the sale of its contents after his death. His extreme delight in Mohammedan architecture, and decorative art is perhaps most plainly shown in his house, with his famous Arab hall walled with the soft splendour of Damascus tiles, and dimly lit with light transmitted through rich Oriental glass, and cooled with a silvery jet of water rising from a basin of black marble. Was it Leighton, or Mr. Aitchison, his architect, who stole Aladdin's lamp? In his studio and elsewhere in his house beautiful bits of the pottery of Persia, Asia Minor, and Rhodes, and rare products of Eastern looms attested the same taste.

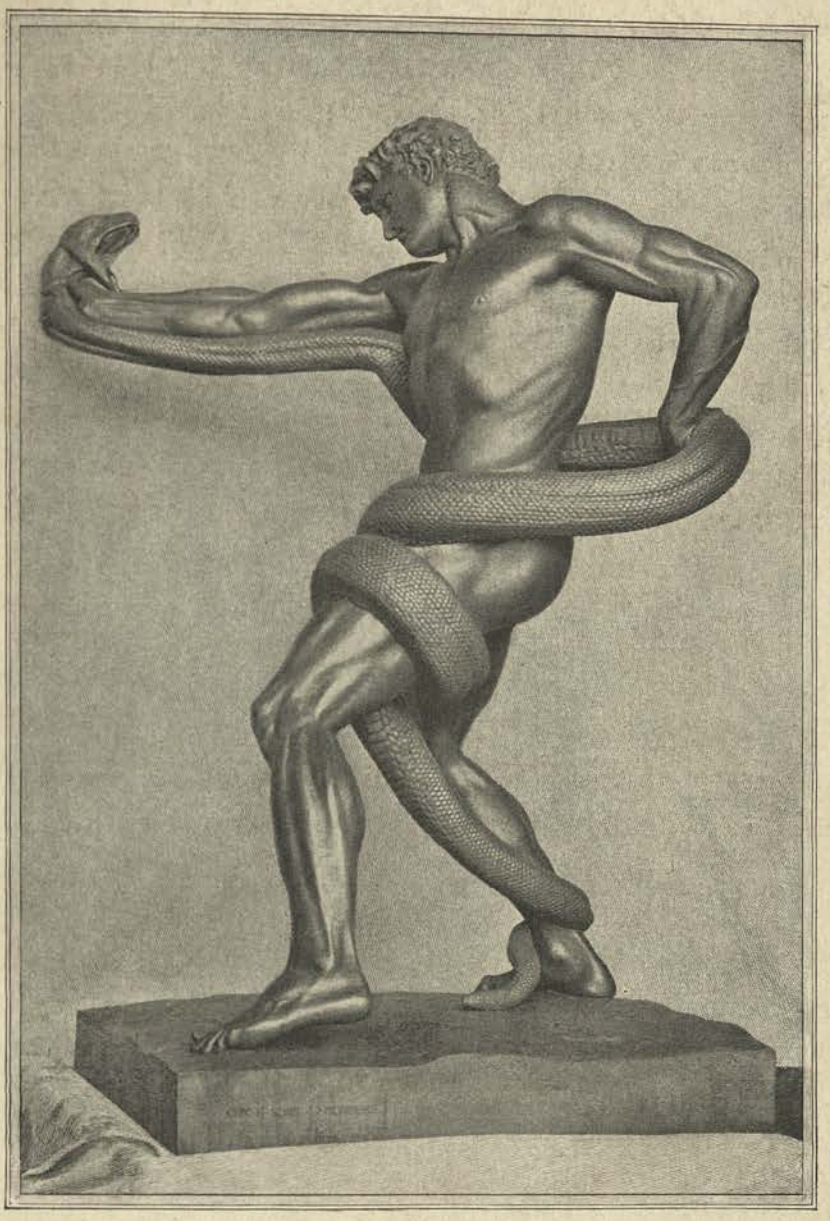
Not indeed the most elevated in thought, but perhaps the most perfect of his pictures, is "The Music Lesson," in which a lovely little

THE DYING MESSAGE

FROM THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO "ROMOLA." BY PERMISSION OF GEORGE SMITH, ESQ. REPRODUCED FROM THE DRAWING ON WOOD BY THE ARTIST BEFORE THE BLOCK WAS CUT

girl is seated on her lovely young mother's lap, learning to play the lute. It is a dream of the purest and tenderest affection, a collection of dainty and exquisite things, arranged with inimitable grace, and executed with a skill which leaves little to desire. A great contrast to this in the strangeness of its aim and the austerity of the subject, is "The Eastern Slinger," a nearly nude figure standing on a platform in a level sea of corn, scaring the birds with a sling. His spare form, illumined by the sun's rays, glows golden against the plain blue sky. It is a daring and most original picture, but whether it is quite a success, I doubt if anyone has fully determined.

The first of his classical pictures after the second Orpheus, was "Helen of Troy," exhibited in 1865. In the figure of Helen he dared greatly, but without complete success. It is monumental in height and rigidity, the limbs are cast in a heroic mould, and the general effect of it is impressive and well-contrasted with the less dignified



ATHLETE STRANGLING A PYTHON

BRONZE STATUE. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST

attitude and more agitated drapery of her attendants, but her tread is heavy, her drapery encumbers her, both hands are occupied in holding it, and his desire to complete the perfect oval of her face has made him almost denude her head of the glory of her hair.

In 1866 he exhibited his second great processional picture, the "Syracusan Bride leading wild beasts in procession to the temple of Diana," and ever afterwards his imagination was constantly employed on classic themes. They range from the "Venus disrobing for the Bath" of 1867 to the "Clytie," which was on his easel at his death. The list is too long to be treated exhaustively, but a few of the most memorable works must be mentioned. Among these were the magnificent figure of "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon" (1869), the grand struggle between "Hercules and Death" (1871), the "Clytemnestra" (1874), the gentle but noble conception of "Nausicaa" (1878), the vision of calm Arcadian loveliness called "An Idyll" (1881), two lovers underneath a spreading oak listening to the piping of a shepherd, and gazing on the rich plain below; the "Phryne" of 1882, a figure of ideal loveliness, her flesh transmuted into gold by the rays of the sun; the "Cymon and Iphigenia" (1884), remarkable for the elaborate drapery which overflows from Iphigenia's sylvan couch warmly illuminated by the afterglow; the "Captive Andromeda" of 1888, the classical counterpart of his "Dante in Exile," in some respects his masterpiece, but tame in comparison with the original sketch.

Of all these works, and of some of his later ones, as the "Garden of Hesperides" and the "Perseus and Andromeda," it may be said that they treat great themes in an elevated style, sometimes with a success attained by few modern artists, and always with an elegance which is peculiarly the artist's own. Like all whose constant aim was so high, he failed here and there, more or less, to hit the mark, and now and then he suggested comparisons not to his advantage

with the works of other men, ancient and modern, but there is at least one of these paintings which is incomparable, and that is the great processional picture of the Theban festival of the "Daphnephoria." In this picture all his most special qualities, his dainty colour, his grace, his feeling for music, his delight in the innocent and refined happiness of humanity, find full exercise. Few visions are more lovely than that band of fair women and children moving in rhythmical order, their sweet mouths quivering with song. In composition also it is singularly successful, its coherence being maintained from beginning to end of the long line without strain or obvious art, while the slenderness and motion of the figures are finely contrasted with the solemn dignity of the cypress groves. If any testimony to the unusual beauty of this picture is to be trusted, it is that of Mr. Holman Hunt, who has written its eulogy in words which are evidently as sincere as they are enthusiastic.

Leighton painted but few portraits, but among them are two at least which are masterpieces. One of these is of Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveller and oriental scholar, and the other of himself, painted for the Gallery of the Uffizi. As a colourist Leighton was original and effective, and his palette was select and varied. He was as fastidious in the beauty of his individual tints as in the selection of his forms. He had a lovely gamut of red, plum, crimson, olive, cinnamon, chocolate, saffron, orange, amber, pink and other nameless broken tints, and closed it with a very fine and pure purple of which he was very fond. With this affluent and luxurious scale, which may be compared to that of a box of preserved fruits, he constructed many harmonies grave and gay, dainty and luscious, which often give much pleasure and are always highly ornamental; but the general effect is somewhat artificial, and misses the quietude, the fulness and the depth of the greatest colour-poets.

As a draughtsman he was learned and thorough, correct and ele-

BIANCA

BY PERMISSION OF THE LONDON FINE ART SOCIETY

gant, with a fine sense of the rhythm of line; and his modelling was fine as well as subtle. He was truly a master of form, as is seen not only in his pictures, but in the too few pieces of sculpture which he executed, of which the "Athlete Strangling a Python" is the best known. This and the "Sluggard," a life-size figure of equal merit, and perhaps more originality, and a charming statuette called "Needless Alarm," once the property of Sir John Millais, rank amongst the best and most refined work of the modern school. In the movement which of late years has rescued sculpture from the bonds of convention, and inspired new life into the art, Leighton may be regarded as a leader. The finer characteristics of the new school, the recurrence to nature, the discovery of fresh motives, the subtler observation of the play of light upon surface, the more tender, thorough and intimate modelling, all resulting in a more life-like rendering of form and substance, are seen distinctly in these beautiful figures; but at the same time the artist always drew the line at too great realism, and a freedom that would admit the ugly or the base.

It is needless to describe at length his more purely decorative work; the well-known mural paintings at Kensington, the fine fresco in Lyndhurst Church of the "Wise and Foolish Virgins," a frieze and some other figures for private houses, the designs for the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, or the large picture with which he filled one of the wall spaces in the Court of the Royal Exchange. They have much the same merits and defects as his other works. The last, which is a gift to the Exchange, attests that patriotic desire to promote the art of his country, by the decoration of public buildings, which, despite its little encouragement, has always animated our nobler artists. It would be strange indeed if such a feeling were unknown to Lord Leighton, whom no one could accuse of indifference to the highest interests of his country's art. He never shrunk from his responsibilities as the leader of art in England, but always promptly inter-

LEIGHTON HOUSE—THE PASSAGE FROM THE VESTIBULE TO ARAB HALL

FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY BEDFORD LEMERE & CO.

vened wherever his example could be of value, whether to preside over an Art Congress, or to procure the removal to its proper site of Alfred Stevens's monument to Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is not only in the ornamental functions of high position that he showed his worthiness to hold it.

Of his courteous manners and his fine oratory there is no occasion here to speak, nor perhaps of the admirable lectures which he delivered on subjects always chosen with a view to extend the artistic interest of students to matters beyond the narrow curriculum of the Academy. But his punctilious and cheerful discharge of his more arduous duties, his generous encouragement of young artists, the sympathy which never failed to detect merit in any work, however

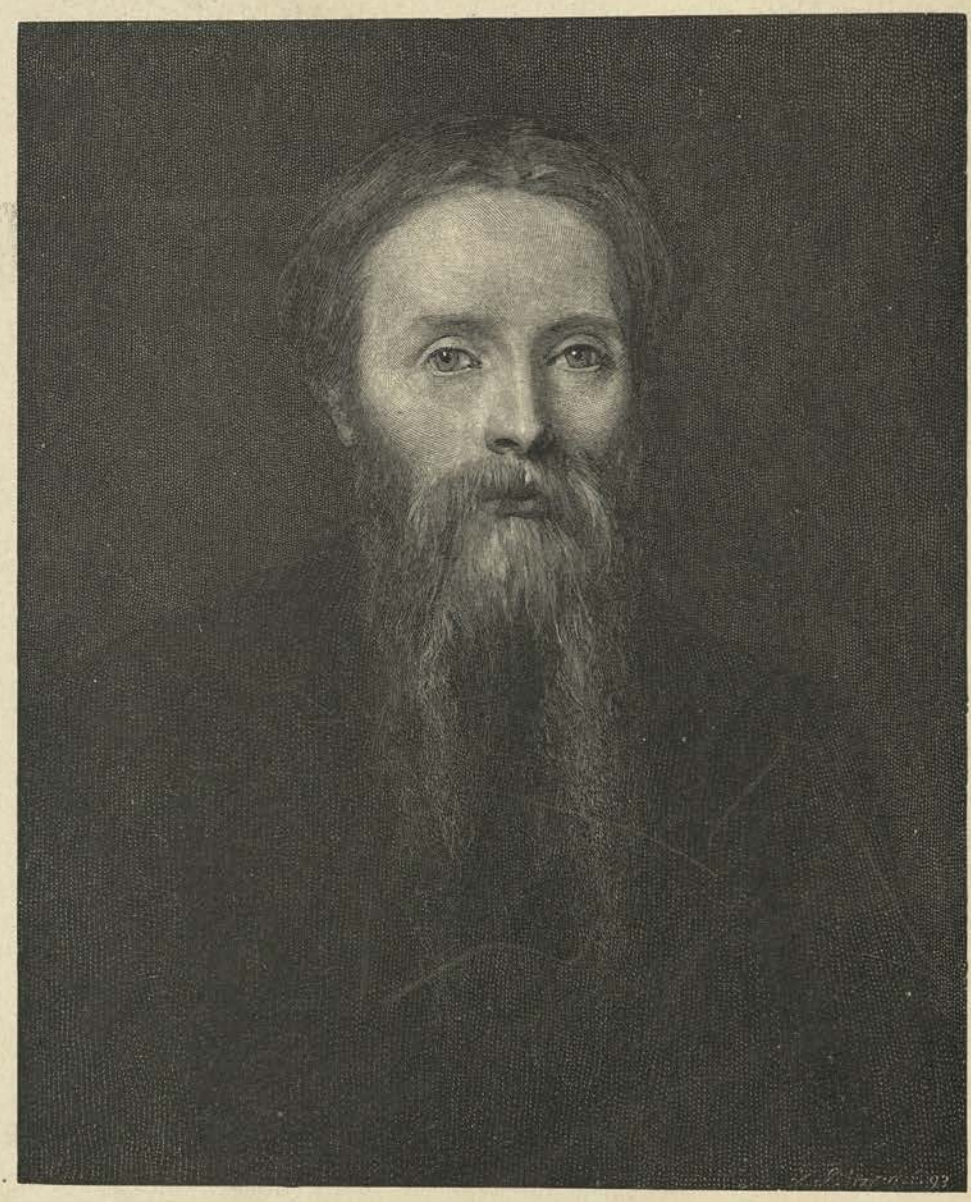
opposed to his own theories of art, need a warm note of acknowledgment. Nor should the influence which he exercised on the Council of the Academy, in support of wise and liberal reforms, be lost sight of, nor the improvement which took place in the methods of instruction in the Academy schools, nor yet the wisdom which, in the main, governed the election of Associates during his presidency.

Honourable and honoured, Lord Leighton worked on to the end in spite of ill-health which would have daunted a lesser man, striving still to reach some higher peak of art, though conscious, like his own "Spirit of the Summit," that when the loftiest of all is reached, the heaven of his ideal is as unattainable as ever.

Lord Leighton died January 25, 1896, a few days after a peerage was conferred upon him. He is the only artist who has been raised to that dignity, and he died before he could take his seat in the House of Lords.

He was knighted in 1878, and created a baronet in 1886. He held Honorary Degrees at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh and Durham, was an Associate of the Institute of France, a Commander of the Legion of Honour, and of the Order of Leopold, a Knight of the Prussian Order "Pour le mérite," and a member of eight foreign Academies. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

SIR
EDWARD
BURNE-JONES
BART.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON

PORTRAIT OF SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.
AFTER WATTS'S PICTURE

STUDY FOR THE MASQUE OF CUPID

"I mean by a picture a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up, with the waking of Brynhild."—EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

I

THE questions "What is art?" and "What is poetry?" will still probably employ the intellects of mankind for a good many years to come, but meanwhile it is safe to affirm that the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones was both an artist and a poet. Perhaps the gentleman who is credited with the saying, that Rembrandt might have been a great artist if he had not been cursed with an imagination, would set little store by such highly imaginative designs as those of Burne-Jones; but fortunately one extreme produces another, and the latest (or a few days ago the latest) of art-aphorisms is (or was), that Velasquez was "the commencement of photography." Extremes are said to meet, and if they do not meet, they help to level the ground to a platform of common sense, and when this is accomplished there will probably be found room among the artists for Rembrandt and Velasquez, and Burne-Jones also.

Yet there are some even of his admirers who regarded him as an anachronism, because he worked in the spirit and style of the "Old Masters." But these forgot that he lived in an age which is as fond of retrospect as of progress, of pleasure as of business, and takes a

STUDY OF FIGURE FOR "VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS"*

romance to read in an express train. The greater the crush, the greater the need for some cool and quiet anteroom; the ruder the pressure of mundane realities, the stronger the desire to escape to the land of dreams, where there is no time, or care, or worldly strife. It is true that some prefer the novel to the romance, and the men who

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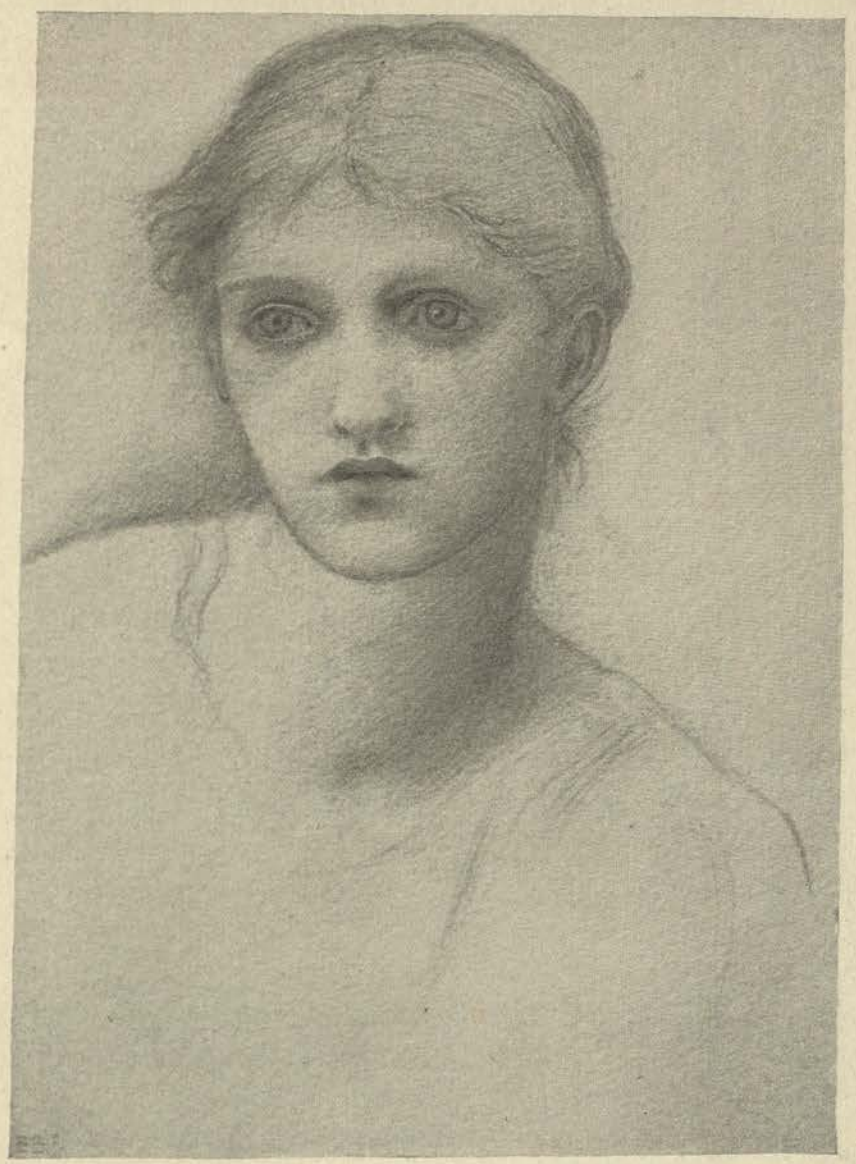

STUDY FOR HEAD OF THE VIRGIN IN "THE ANNUNCIATION"

enjoy pictures may be divided into two classes: those who seek them for the pleasure of repeating familiar sights, and those who desire to behold what they can never see with their mortal eyes. Constable and Millais delight the former, Turner and Burne-Jones the latter.

Is this world of imagination more beautiful than that of nature? Who shall say? It is not all who have the *entrée* there. But those at least who have, think that it is so, or they would not visit it so often or stay there so long.

It is the fashion to be surprised at nothing, but the sense of wonder is still with us. No poet of words or paint ever appeals to it in vain, and no one has appealed to it with greater success than Burne-Jones. King Cophetua tranced at the beauty of the Beggar Maid—the Beggar Maid wondering at the love of King Cophetua; the Virgin Mary trembling with reverent awe in the presence of the Announcing Angel; the two primeval lovers, seated closely side by side in the green woodland, their souls entranced by the weird, wild figure of Pan, and the shrill, sweet sounds of his pipe; Pygmalion scarcely believing that his impossible prayer has been answered, and that his own marble statue is filled with life and yielding itself warm and loving to his arms; the "Merciful Knight" at the foot of the Crucifix from which the huge wooden image bends to bless him; it does not matter whether the theme be Christian or pagan, it is the wonder of it that takes the artist's imagination, and gives real life to the beauty of his design. So special a quality is this feeling of

STUDY FOR "PAN," IN THE PICTURE OF "THE GARDEN OF PAN"

PORTRAIT OF A NESTORIAN PRIEST*

wonder (reverential wonder or awe) in Burne-Jones's work, that it may be stated as perhaps his greatest claim to distinction among all artists past or present. The germ was innate, but it was nursed and developed by the great mystic—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the leader of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is unnecessary here to inquire very minutely into the exact tenets of the brotherhood. Sincerity was their real watchword, and their motto may be roughly phrased as "Take care of the facts and the beauty will take care of itself." To reject nothing, to select nothing, to scorn nothing, in nature, was the duty set before them by Mr. Ruskin; and with regard to historical pictures they were to represent events as they did happen, and not as they might be picturesquely supposed to have happened.

The dictum as to selection was difficult enough in the most realistic art, but what about art which was not realistic at all? What about landscapes that were never seen, and events which never did happen? How to treat those visions of the poets which, as long as man exists, will demand some attempt of the poetic artist to realize in form? Millais could buy his strawberries in Covent Garden Market, but even

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* This is a portrait of a Priest of a Nestorian Monastery in Babylonia, which was burnt down a few years ago. The priest, who could not speak a word of any European language, set out to travel the world, in order to obtain subscriptions to rebuild his monastery, and found his way to the house of Mr. Burne-Jones, who took his portrait. Scarcely less remarkable than his grand face was his jet-black hair, so close and wiry that it looked as though it were carved out of black basalt.

in that emporium of the fruit of the world, where could he find an apple from the gardens of Eden, or the Hesperides? Rossetti might find in Wardour Street furniture and armour of any century he chose, but where could he get the helmet of Perseus or the greaves of Mars? Where does the great principle of sincerity come in here? The answer is comparatively easy—be sincere to your imagination, realize as far as possible the vision of your mind, careful that your design is the expression of your true self, not an imitation of what someone else has done, or what you think he would have done in your place. In imaginative art such sincerity as this is the only way to salvation, and Burne-Jones found it.

II

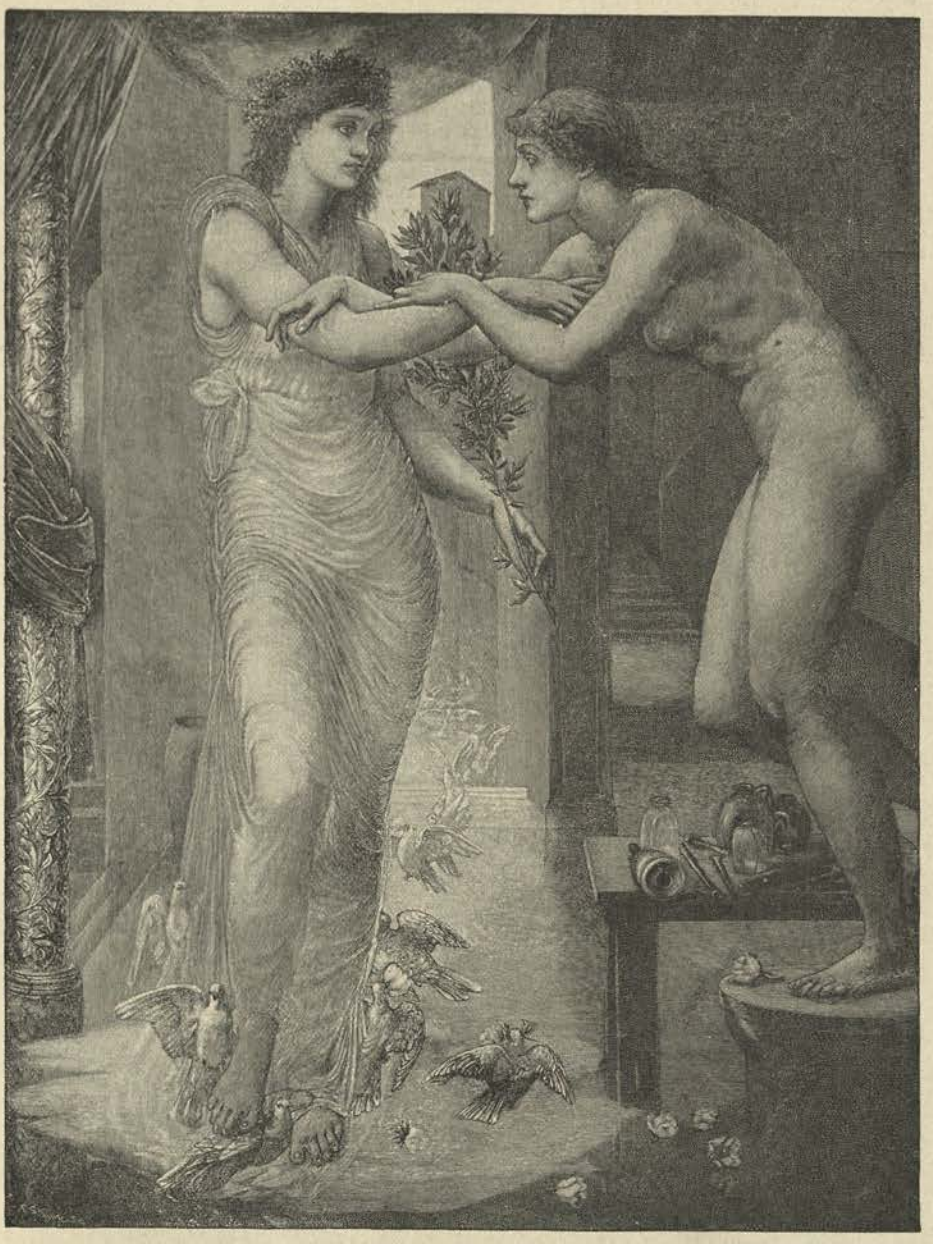
EDWARD BURNE-JONES was educated at King Edward's School, in Birmingham, where he was born August 28, 1833. He was intended for the Church, and had among his school-fellows two boys who were hereafter to be greatly distinguished in that profession. One of these was the late Bishop Lightfoot; the other, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1852 he gained a school exhibition and proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford, and it was at this chosen seat of learning, of all places in the world, that he was diverted from letters to art, from the preaching of sermons to the painting of pictures. It was at Mr. Combe's, of the Clarendon Press, that he first saw works of the Pre-Raphaelites, Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" among them; but he was even more attracted by Rossetti's drawing of "Dante Preparing to Paint Beatrice," and a little woodcut after the same artist, called "Elfinmere," which illustrated a volume of William Allingham's poems. The romance, the mysticism, and unearthly beauty of Rossetti's creation exercised an immediate fascination over him, and, as if to complete the spell, it was at college that he met William Morris,

the future decorative poet and poetical decorator, with whom he was to enter into a lifelong partnership of the imagination.

When Burne-Jones came up to London, in 1856, with a burning desire to meet Rossetti, he was already three and twenty and had attained no inconsiderable skill as a designer and draughtsman in pen and ink as is proved by the elaborate drawing of "The Waxen Image," which was executed in that year and now belongs to Mr. A. E. Street. For once the hero of the imagination answered to the ideal and as the attraction was mutual, it was not long before the two assumed intimate relations as guide and follower. He left the University without taking his degree, and the year 1857 saw him established at 17 Red Lion Square, with *Rossetti* as his master and *William Morris* as his friend and fellow-lodger.

STUDY OF DRAPERY

It is interesting, if idle, to speculate whether the advice and influence of Rossetti were the best he could have had. Rossetti ran a great risk in bidding him forego all academic training. He had never had the patience to go through a thorough discipline himself, and his want of craftsmanship is painfully visible in much of his work. It seems something like the advice of the fox who had cut off his tail, but there is no question of Rossetti's sincerity. He feared that the



THE GOD-HEAD FIRES

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING

FROM A DRAWING FOR A PICTURE IN THE PYGMALION SERIES

enforced drudgery of copying from the antique would blunt, if not destroy, the fine sensitive imagination of his young friend; and he himself was fitted, as no other man was, to stimulate and direct that teeming fancy, that fine sense of decorative beauty which Burne-Jones possessed. By strenuous efforts Burne-Jones made up for the deficiencies of his early training and became one of the most subtle and sensitive of draughtsmen, and if some imperfections remained to the last they were not of a kind to impair either the expression of his feeling or the beauty of his conceptions.

In 1858 he went to Oxford to aid in the decoration of the Oxford "Union," a literary and debating club of the undergraduates. Alas! all these designs by the enthusiastic band of young artists under the leadership of Rossetti have blackened or peeled from the walls. Burne-Jones's subject was "Merlin and Nimue" (Vivien), which he afterward chose for one of his most celebrated pictures. With him were Arthur Hughes and Val Prinsep, and not least, William Morris, who, about this time, published his first volume of poems, "The Defence of Guenevere," to be followed (though not till 1865) by the "Life and Death of Jason." Never were poetry and painting more closely allied than in the works of William Morris and Burne-Jones. Morris seems to have been made to furnish subjects for Burne-Jones's pencil, and he himself depicted them in words which have almost the effect of paint. They both lived in the same honeyed world of romance. Many others had reached it before, among whom Chaucer in the past and Tennyson in the then present must not be forgotten; but of the younger living men these two penetrated alone into its sweeter and more silent places, sheltered from the fiercer gusts of passion in which Swinburne revelled.

No doubt one of their greatest ties was the remarkable feeling for decorative beauty which both possessed. Burne-Jones soon began to make a great many designs for stained glass, some of which

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY DIXON AFTER THE OIL PICTURE. BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, R. H. BENSON, ESQ.

were carried out by Messrs. Powell, the celebrated glass-makers in Whitefriars, London; but after a few years all his windows were executed by the well-known firm of which Morris was the head. To these days belong those early water-colours some of which, exhibited at the "old" (now Royal) Water-Colour Society, first drew public attention to his strange imagination. The designs of this period were mainly romantic, but mixed with such themes as the legends of Sir Degrevant and Sir Galahad, of Morgan Le Fay and Childe Rolande, were others drawn from the Bible, as the "Annunciation" and the "Nativity," and from the semi-legendary history of Italy and Provence, like "King René's Honeymoon" and "The Wedding of Buondelmonte." Many were from Chaucer, two from the wonderful modern romance of "Sidonia the Sorceress," and a few

THE DOOM FULFILLED

FROM A CARTOON FOR A PICTURE IN THE PERSEUS SERIES

from classical lore, like "Theseus and Ariadne," "The Wine of Circe," and "Cupid and Psyche"; others again were pictures of his own fancy, as "Laus Veneris" and "The Backgammon Players" (often called the chess players). Whatever his subject, it was nearly always one of mystery and wonder, and was always treated in the same visionary manner. None of his drawings at the Water-Colour

STUDY OF A HEAD

Society, of which he was elected an associate in 1863, produced a greater impression than that of "The Merciful Knight" (1863), already mentioned. It is said that the figure of the knight was drawn from a woman, and the work is in many ways immature, but nothing interferes with the profound sense of the supernatural with which the whole composition is suffused. The spectator feels that he is the witness of a miracle.

He had now (1865) followed the profession of an artist for nearly ten years, and had achieved a certain and distinct position as a painter in water-colours and a designer for stained glass. He had been to Italy with Mr. Ruskin, who had helped him in many ways, and his genius had been fed with the spiritual beauty of the real Pre-Raphaelites, and the germs of some of his most famous pictures—the "Laus Veneris," the "Beguiling of Merlin," "The Annunciation," the "Wine of Circe," the "Chant d'Amour"—had taken root. For another twelve years the same steady progress, the same unresting labour was to continue, before he can be said to have become really famous. For part of these years the public had little opportunity of watching his develop-

STUDY OF A HEAD SLEEPING

ment, for in 1870 an unfortunate dispute ended for eighteen years his connection with the Water-Colour Society, and except at the Dudley Gallery (Egyptian Hall), in 1873, he seldom if ever exhibited in London. The public were, therefore, scarcely prepared for the wonderful apparition which was in store for them when the Grosvenor Gallery opened its doors for the first time in 1877. The imaginative feeling of the strange pictures which met their view was indeed akin to that of the poems of Rossetti, Morris and Swinburne, but the presentation of it in pictorial form was comparatively new; for it must be remembered that Rossetti, as a painter, was known to them only by rumour. The revelation of Burne-Jones's genius was almost as complete as it was sudden. "The Six Days of Creation," in lofty allegory; "The Beguiling of Merlin," in its weird glamour; the "Mirror of Venus," in its

FLAMMA VESTALIS

FROM THE OIL PICTURE. BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, LORD DAVEY

child-like beauty, have scarcely been surpassed by any later work. They showed also the main sources of his inspiration—the Bible, romantic legend and classical poetry, those three chief districts of the world of wonder in which he lived. One thing to be noted, of these as of all other pictures by Burne-Jones, is that the persons pictured have no concern with you; they are all wrapt in the trance of their own thoughts. The angels of Creation look through you; sight is suspended in the eyes of Merlin; the maidens look at themselves. You look at them all as you might peer into Doctor Dee's shewstone, or into one of those wondrous crystal globes which the angels of the Creation hold in their hand, each reflecting a vision of the day's divine handiwork. Criticism might have much to say about the stature of Vivien, and the solidity of the reflections in the "Mirror," and other matters, but Burne-Jones, as the French say, "had arrived." No criticism nor ridicule (and there was naturally plenty of the latter) could disguise the fact that there was a strong and original art-personality suddenly revealed, whose shortcomings were but a featherweight in comparison with the subtlety of imagination, the fertility of design, the exquisite and intricate beauty of colour, which, to all who were open to their influences, made these pictures like the birth of a new joy into the world.

Next year came the wonderful "Laus Veneris," which had been begun seventeen years before. On the right a pale queen, weary of loveless sovereignty, sits languidly with her crown on her knees, her rich orange dress relieved against a greenish tapestry on which are depicted scenes of romantic love; to the left are seated four beautiful maidens in costumes of bright colours, solacing their mistress by reciting the praises of love; while through the window are seen knights in armour keenly seeking glimpses of the beauty within. Some shook their heads at this picture, they could not understand it, they saw no "moral" in it, the title of it frightened them, and there was a feeling

THE BACKGAMMON PLAYERS

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING. BY PERMISSION OF LORD BATTERSEA

ENGRAVED BY R. H. DEL'ORME

that there must be some mysterious wickedness at the bottom of it all. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more innocently lovely. The picture still remains almost unique among Burne-Jones's works; he has never tried to rival its brilliant patchwork of colour In the "Angels of Creation" the colours shift and play into one another, now like the feathers on a dove's neck, and now like the reflections in a stream. In the "Chant d'Amour" and "King Cophetua" the colours are more richly blended and diffused, in the manner of the Venetians, but in this picture the strong, pure spaces of colour in dress and cap stand detached as in stained glass, or in the earlier pictures of the Italian school, which

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY DIXON, FROM THE OIL PICTURE. BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, R. H. BENSON, ESQ.

inherited their system of colours from mosaics and frescoes. This, 1878, was also the year of "Le Chant d'Amour" and "Pan and Psyche;" of panels of "Day" and "Night," and the four "Seasons," and a curious decorative panel of "Perseus and the Graiae"—an experiment in wood and metal, which was much criticised and was not repeated. In 1879 appeared the celebrated "Annunciation;" in 1880, the "Golden Stairs," in which a decorative motive was elaborated into a picture almost as sweet and delicate in its colour as a white lily. The "Wheel of Fortune," the finest of his allegorical conceptions, marks the year 1883. The "Cophetua," at the Grosvenor of 1884, the "Depths of the Sea," at the Royal Academy, in 1886 (his first and last contribution to Burlington House); the "Garden of Pan," at the Grosvenor in 1887, were the most important works exhibited in these years.

The opening of the new gallery in 1888 was made memorable by the contributions of Burne-Jones, which comprised three large and very characteristic pictures. One represented "Danaë" watching the building of the brazen tower in which she is to be immured, and two were part of the series from the Perseus legend. In the latter, the figure of Andromeda is seen full-length back and front, and it is probably the most perfect example of the author's draughtsmanship of the nude. A drawing in the gallery from the far robuster model, showed at once the artist's mastery of drawing, and the process through which nature had to go in its translation to the Burne-Jones ideal. In the "Rock of Doom" we see Perseus in his flashing armour, arrested, as he flies by on his sandals of swiftness, by the sight of the doomed maid chained to the rock; in the "Doom Fulfilled" we see the combat itself, the monster ineffectually endeavouring to entrap Perseus in its huge scaleless coils, while he seizes the opportunity to plunge his sword into some vital part. In these pictures one is perhaps more struck

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

FROM THE OIL PICTURE. BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, LORD BATTERSEA

than usual by the deliberately decorative character of the work, and the stillness of a visionary world in which the fiercest conflicts happen, as it were, to slow music.

We cannot follow Burne-Jones step by step through later years. It must suffice to notice his grand series of pictures on the legend of "The Briar Rose," or "Sleeping Beauty," the masterpiece of his lighter fancy. The subject had always been a favourite with him. It had formed the theme of a series of tiles for Mr. Birket Foster's house at Whitby, of a set of small oil pictures in 1871, of a larger set in 1873–74, and in 1890 the four still larger pictures were exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, and have drawn there and elsewhere their thousands of admirers. This subject seems to be one peculiarly congenial to the genius of the artist. The trance-like suspense which characterizes all his conceptions here becomes the positive subject. In this mysterious wood all animate things sleep, as though their motion had been arrested by a flood of honeyed amber.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO LADY LYTTLETON, IN COLOURED GLASS
IN THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ROME

The spell seems even to smite the young knight, as in the first picture he enters the wood strewn with the bodies of his ill-fated predecessors. In the next picture we are shown the aged king, his white beard flowing to the ground, surrounded by his sleeping counsellors; in the next, the Garden Court, where the serving maidens in various positions of elegance sleep their long sleep; and last, the bower of the princess herself who is just awakening to the kiss of her brave lover; from beginning to end it is not only a dream, but a dream of dreams. Could any subject be more suited to the arch-dreamer of the nineteenth century?

III

As we have already seen, the more realistic tenets of the modern Pre-Raphaelites are incompatible with the art of Burne-Jones. The doctrines of non-selection and contempt of composition were both utterly contrary to his artistic nature, for there never was a more fastidious selector in this world, and all his designs show the utmost care, and often great ingenuity, in composition. On the other hand, no artist has been more impressed with the work of the real precursors of Raphael; with their *naïveté* of conception, their directness of suggestion, their spiritual feeling, and their refined sense of decorative beauty. There is a fascination and a romance about the work of such artists as Botticelli and Piero di Cosimo, Piero della Francesca and Matteo da Siena, in spite of, and perhaps partly in consequence of, the imperfection of their ideals, and the tentative nature of their efforts—a fascination which is altogether lost in the triumphant mastery of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

But Burne-Jones studied not only one period of art nor the art of only one country. If his draperies sometimes swell like those of Botticelli, they are at others rigid as the Byzantines; he makes them

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING

THE ANNUNCIATION

FROM THE OIL PICTURE, BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, THE EARL OF CARLISLE

as broad as Giotto's or as crinkly as Mantegna's, whichever style may be most suited to the idea of his design. The rich reflections of many-coloured garments in brimming water, which we see in the "Baptism of Christ" in Piero della Francesca's picture in the National Gallery, may have suggested the very different picture of the "Mirror of Venus." Piero di Cosimo's pathetic "Cephalus and Procris," in the same gallery, is a relation, but a very distant one, to his "Pan and Daphne." But his debts do not end with the Pre-Raphaelites: "Le Chant d'Amour" speaks of the gorgeous palette of Titian, and the spirit of Giorgione seems to hover round the lovers in the "Garden of Pan." Luini and Leonardo rise to one's mind as one looks at the "Depths of the Sea," and the "Wheel of Fortune" cannot be passed without a thought of Michael Angelo. Everywhere he found something akin to himself; some music of colour, or rhythm of line; some fall of robe or lift of foot; which helped him to realize the conceptions of his own imagination and express the desire of his own soul.

This is not plagiarism, it is not even imitation, except in the sense that all great artists are imitators. As Raphael absorbed in his own developed personality all the virtue his genius could assimilate of Giotto and Perugino, of Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto, of Masaccio and Michael Angelo; as Turner absorbed Claude and Vandevelde, Cozens and Girtin; so Burne-Jones drank from all the sources which could feed his artistic nature, from the mosaics of Ravenna to the designs of Rossetti; and now his work is over he stands out as distinct in his personality, if not as great, as any of his precursors.

There is indeed an eclecticism which kills. This kind, unconfined and uncontrolled by any strong personal passion, seeks to fabricate beauty by piecing together fragments of the dead ideals of other minds.

STUDY OF A CHILD

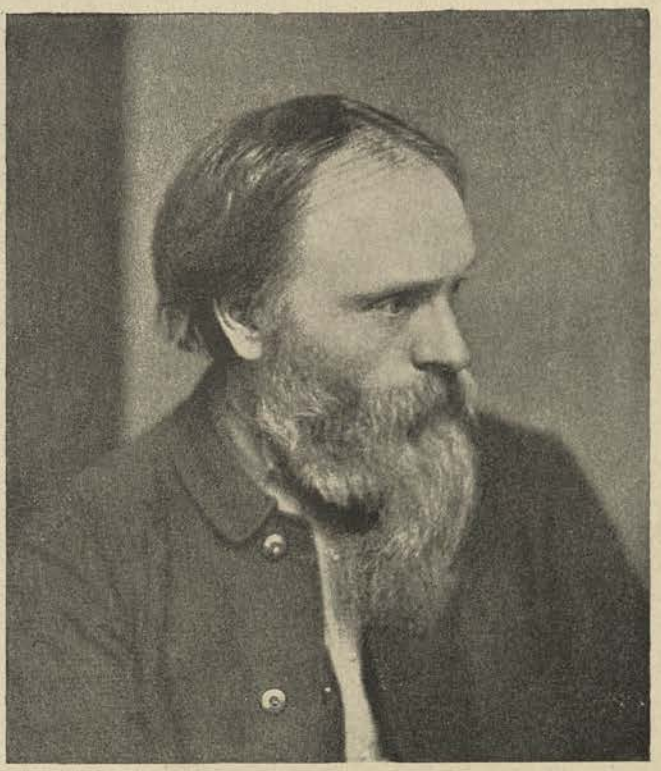
But there is also an eclecticism which nourishes, and this is the eclecticism of Burne-Jones, who, from his first sketch to the great picture of "Avalon," which at his death still remained unfinished on his easel, was absorbed by the desire to present in perfect form the children of his own imagination, and to clothe them with the most lovely raiment he could devise. For this he had to wait and watch and work,* for this he ransacked not only nature but art, and the result is that he created a new world with the breath of his own genius, a world wondrously beautiful and beautifully wondrous.

Like the lives of all artists devoted to their work, that of Burne-Jones is marked by few stirring incidents. He was not without honour in his own or other countries, though it was slow, fitful, and inadequate. One of the earliest and most grateful recognitions of his genius was from the college which he had left to answer the call of Art. His fellowship at Exeter was followed in 1881 by the honorary degree of D.C.L. "The Beguiling of Merlin" had been sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and his reputation was so great in France in 1882, that he was asked by the French Government to represent Great Britain at the International Exhibition of Contemporary Art, Lord (then Sir Frederick) Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, as his sole colleague. This honour he was unable to accept. In 1889 he was awarded a first-class medal at the Paris International Exhibition, and in 1890 was decorated with the Legion of Honour. He was created a Baronet in 1894. In America he is perhaps more appreciated than any other living English artist. Some of his finest stained-glass windows are those at Boston, Long-

* "Laus Veneris" was about seventeen years (1861–1878) in progress, *i. e.*, between the first design and the finished picture; the "Briar Rose" series twenty-two (1873–1895); the "Pilgrim of Love" twenty (1877–1897), or even longer; and the "Prioress' Tale" twenty-nine or thirty (1869–1898). The subject of the "Prioress' Tale" was painted on a cabinet for William Morris in 1858. The designs on the cabinet differ from the picture, but they show that the artist's fancy played about the same theme during the whole of his working life.

wood, Mass., and Newport, and the grand designs for the mosaics in the apse of the American Protestant Church at Rome must rank among his most remarkable achievements. In England he is widely known and greatly honoured, and the exhibition of his works at the New Gallery in 1893 was a triumph such as is allowed to few artists in their lifetime. A low, perhaps, but sound, test of his appreciation by his countrymen is the large prices which his works fetch whenever they appear in a public auction-room. At the Leyland and Graham sales the large "Mirror of Venus," the "Beguiling of Merlin," and "Le Chant d'Amour" were sold at sums ranging between three and four thousand pounds; and the "Laus Veneris" would not be parted with by its present owner for a much larger sum, if for any. It is a general theme for regret that Burne-Jones never received the highest hon-

URIEL
FROM A CARTOON FOR A MOSAIC IN THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ROME



PORTRAIT OF BURNE-JONES
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE, ABOUT 1885, BY F. HOLLYER

ours of the Royal Academy. He accepted the offer of an Associateship in 1885, but only once exhibited at Burlington House, and soon resigned his associateship. We need not inquire here where the fault, if any, lay, but it is certain that the loss was to the Academy rather than to the artist.

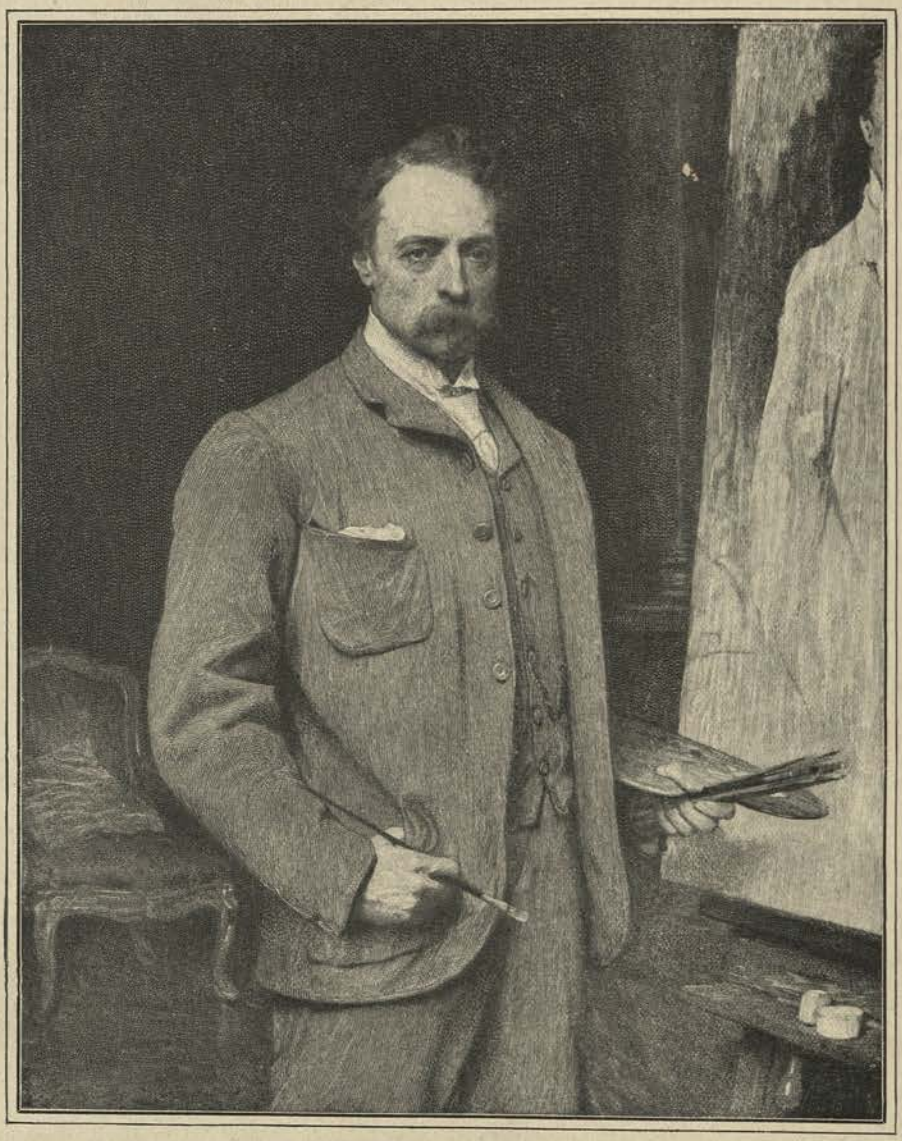
For many years Burne-Jones lived in an old-fashioned house in North End Road, once inhabited by Samuel Richardson, the novelist. It lies between Old Kensington and Hammersmith, a district till recently occupied by few houses and many gardens. A large, flat, green tract it was, where the dweller in the metropolis could take a walk and think that he was in something like the country. Now the whole aspect of the neighbourhood is changed, and the creation of

STUDIES OF CHILDREN

the populous suburb of West Kensington gradually hemmed in Richardson's old house, until the late occupant, instead of fair open space of field and sky, had only his own and the garden of his neighbour as a barrier between him and the endless rows of "jerry-built" houses. If he had any pleasure in the view from his own windows, it was chiefly one of good-humoured malice as he thought of the baffled contractors who coveted the space occupied by his green garden. But the alteration in its surroundings did not affect the work that went on within, or dull the imagination of the dreamer who dwelt there; and day by day, almost hour by hour, until the very last, he added something to his life's achievement, something to the poetic endowment of the world.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones died in this house June 17, 1898, and was buried at Rottingdean, Sussex, where he had a country house. Shortly after his death a large collection of his pictures was exhibited at the New Gallery, and another of his drawings and sketches at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Not the least interesting of the latter were the humourous drawings showing a side of his character not before disclosed to the public. These have been described by an old friend of the artist as "the innumerable nonsense-drawings he delighted in, drawn for the children he loved and knew, private fun sent in letters to intimate friends, passing records of that ethereal humour which made him the most perfect playfellow in the world."

WILLIAM
QUILLER
ORCHARDSON
R.A.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.

IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

SKETCH FOR "THE SALON OF MADAME RÉCAMIER"
BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST

MR. ORCHARDSON holds a very distinct position among modern painters of the British School. He is not only a born artist but he possesses all, or nearly all, the special faculties of a painter. The list of them I shall not here attempt to exhaust, but he certainly has the gift of colour in a remarkable degree, and what is even rarer, a power of inward vision which presents to his mind pictures so clear and strong, almost to their details, that he can transfer them to his canvas with little hesitation or trial. This is a faculty denied to many artists—to Mr. Watts, for instance, whose designs have to be worked out by degrees, and with labour; it was possessed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, who informed me that even when he began to draw he saw his design on the paper, and practically "traced" it with his pencil; Mr. Alma-Tadema has, no doubt, a fertile pictorial imagination, but a great deal of thought and

tentative effort go to the construction of his pictures, the last aspect of which is often very different from the first. No one could see more distinctly what was present to his eyes than Sir John Millais, but it is doubtful whether he often, or even ever, saw his whole picture clearly before he began. Of artists generally it may be said that their compositions are literally "puttings together," and probably there have not been many at any time whose conceptions were so complete as Mr. Orchardson's—sentiment, colour, action, all fused together in one impulse of creation. It is no doubt to this rare faculty that is to be attributed the unity of his designs, and the force and directness of their appeal; for the centre of interest is never doubtful, and the focus of the mind is always identical with that of the eye. There is, perhaps, no living painter whose claims to be considered as a true artist will meet with less opposition than Mr. Orchardson's. As a colourist his light and delicate schemes may not suit all tastes, but few will dispute that he is one of the few men who possess a fine and original gift of colour, or that he employs it to produce harmonies which are exquisite and subtle. Nor will it be easy, even for the captious, to find much fault with his draughtsmanship, which is at once careful and free, essentially true, and thoroughly vital, extremely delicate, and yet full of emphasis. His arrangements of form, and balance of light and shade while anything but conventional, satisfy the sense of symmetry, while their art is so concealed as to appear unforced and even accidental. Technically he may be said to form a link between the older and more modern art, holding out a hand to each, which neither will refuse to take; and it is the same with his subjects and his treatment of them. He has not, indeed, that carelessness of subject which marks the most "advanced" of modern painters, but his choice of it is regulated by a purely artistic instinct. He does not give the cold shoulder to sentiment, or exclude what it termed the "literary idea," but if he tells a story

HILDA, DAUGHTER OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST

or touches our feelings, it is always by the eloquence of form and colour.

Mr. Orchardson's work is so personal throughout that it is difficult to select its most distinctive qualities, but high among them must be placed his taste, a quality which is growing somewhat old-fashioned. Although he seeks rather for character than for beauty of type, he has a limit of elegance and refinement which he never oversteps. He is, I think, since Stothard, our best painter of what would once have been called "genteel comedy," but he observes a certain measure in expression and a certain reticence in gesture, which give repose and dignity to his figures, of whatever rank or however employed. This reserve is a sign not of weakness but of strength, suggesting more than could be expressed with greater violence. His dramatic tact is of the finest; he never overcrowds his scenes, and he is a master of gesture or "pantomime." He will make two figures fill a space which would look empty under another's treatment, an effect due not only to the wonderful (sometimes almost magical) painting of accessories, but also to the large style of the figures themselves, which seem to demand space in which to feel and breathe and think; and he will put more expression into a turn of the wrist than many another into a whole body. Someone once remarked to me of Millais that the very clothes of his figures were alive, and this remark might be extended in the case of Orchardson to his chairs and his tables, his floors and his walls, in which respect, as in others, he reminds one of his great forerunner, Hogarth. With all his elegance he is always manly, and his refinement never

SKETCH FOR THE FIGURE OF NAPOLEON IN ORCHARDSON'S PICTURE OF "NAPOLEON ON BOARD H.M.S. BELLEROPHON, JULY 23, 1815."
BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST

degenerates into weakness. If he paints a "Farmer's Daughter" petting her beautiful pigeons, or Madame Récamier as the queen of a brilliant society, you will find both equally healthy, and, in their different ways, equally attractive. If he cannot be vulgar, neither can he be affected; his taste forbids the one, his nature the other. He will paint you affected people certainly, but most unaffectedly, like the magnificent buck who is displaying his fine figure in "Her First Dance." He will give the humours of Poins and Falstaff, but without any stage trick of expression or gait. His *dramatis personæ* are not actors but real men and women. For him art is a selection from Nature, concentrated and emphasized to produce a particular impression, in isolation and completeness, and few artists have such a just sense of the various compromises of which all fine art is composed. Fewer still have such command of all the elements of a picture that their creative faculty can employ all at once to produce a complex design which has the effect of an impromptu.

Orchardson was twenty-seven years old when he came to London, in 1862. He had already won for himself a reputation in Edinburgh as one of the most brilliant of the pupils of Robert Scott Lauder, the master of the Trustees' Academy, who, since his appointment in 1856 (which was also the year when Orchardson entered this Academy), had infused new life and vigour into Scottish painting. Among Orchardson's most intimate associates were the late John Pettie, R.A., and C. E. Johnson, the landscape painter, and all three of these came up to London about the same time, and after a little while took up their residence together for a few years at 37 Fitzroy Square, a house afterward inhabited by the late Ford Madox Brown. No one of the three was long in making his way, and though Mr. Johnson, unlike his more fortunate comrades, failed to gain the honours of the Academy, he achieved, and still maintains, a considerable reputation as a landscape painter. The other two may

HER FIRST DANCE

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almost be said to have taken the Academy by storm. Their free and painter-like handling, their original and effective colour, "made holes," as the phrase has it, in the Academy walls, and compelled attention, soon followed by admiration. Pettie, by the greater robustness of his style, the greater richness of his colour, the more powerful chiaroscuro, and the more vigourous animation of his figures, at first attracted most notice. These two friends painted so much in the same way, and their colouration was (in comparison with that of other painters) so similar, that it was impossible to avoid a certain rivalry. They appeared to the public like brothers, of which Orchardson was the weaker. Nor were the public altogether wrong, for Pettie, despite his age (he was some years younger than Orchardson), was the more mature artist of the two. There was an apparently careless sketchiness which gave a thin and flimsy character to Orchardson's work at this time. The lightness and luminous quality of his paint was there, the love of delicate gradations also, and those subtle harmonies of faint tints which we recognize now as his distinction as a colourist; but he had not yet got sufficient mastery over them to make his light backgrounds recede quite so far as they should, or to unite the more positive local colours of his foreground with the paleness of the grays behind them. But in considering the reasons which made not only the public but the Academy of the day set a higher value on the work of the younger man, we must remember three things. 1. That Pettie had exhibited at the Royal Academy three years before Orchardson began to do so. 2. That his election as Associate preceded that of Orchardson by one year only. 3. That neither had long to wait for this important event in an artist's career. It is indeed rather astonishing that Orchardson made his way so quickly as he did, as we were not accustomed to work of this style at all. The conservative portion of the public liked good clear outlines, as if cut by the knife; rich brown shadows, and

plenty of them; cheeks like waxwork, with vermilion lips and nostrils, and everything neatly rounded and tangible. The more advanced spirits clove still to the Pre-Raphaelite style of workmanship, with any quantity (the more the better) of elaborate detail, and the brightest of bright colours peppered all over the canvas. Pictures like Orchardson's, in which there was no brown deeper than a light toast, figures in light dresses, scarcely relieved against walls almost as white, or a little whiter, and all things represented by a series of streaks and dabs in a happy-go-lucky sort of way, were daring novelties indeed. But the note of the new colourist was heard, and his grace and dexterity won their way by their own merit, and his pictures were welcomed everywhere—at the Royal Academy, where his charming "Hamlet and Ophelia" made an impression in 1865; at the old British Institution, where he sent "Peggy" (from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd") in 1864, and at Mr. Wallis's French Gallery in Piccadilly, where his spirited "Challenge" (a Cavalier presenting a note to a Roundhead on the tip of his sword) carried off the prize of £100. The refinement of his humour was again displayed in his pictures of "Christopher Sly" at the French Gallery in 1866, and his second subject from Shakespeare, "Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne," at the Royal Academy in 1867, probably assured his election as Associate in the winter of that year. At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 he was awarded a medal for the "Challenge" and the "Christopher Sly," and his later pictures—"The Queen of the Swords," "The Ante-Chamber" and "Hard Hit."

Another excellent scene from Shakespeare (now belonging to the artist's mother-in-law, Mrs. Moxon) made its appearance in 1868. There we are introduced to a room in the Palace, one side of which is hung with tapestry, the delicate faded colours of which form a delightful relief for the merry figures of Prince Henry and Poins. The latter has just asked Falstaff to leave them alone that he may persuade

HER MOTHER'S VOICE

BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST AND MR. HENRY TATE

the Prince to take part in the famous adventure at Gadshill. Sir John's back is turned to us, but it is almost as eloquent as the animated faces of the others. In 1870 the sources of Mr. Orchardson's inspirations were enlarged by a visit to Venice. Hitherto they had been, to a great extent, literary, his most telling pictures being suggested by Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott. Good as works of art, they were also excellent "illustrations," showing remarkable sympathy with the imagination of the writers, and thorough realization of character. In this matter he again shows a balance of qualities seldom possessed by painters in such just proportions. An illustrator generally sacrifices himself to the author, or the author to himself, producing designs which are either deficient in artistic quality, or fail to assist in realizing the text. But Orchardson always steered between this Scylla and Charybdis.

In Venice he was in a world of pictorial suggestiveness, a treasure-house of both art and nature, which has stimulated painters in the present no less than in the past. It is here that were bred and nurtured the mighty powers of Giorgione and Titian; here where Turner's genius found its fullest satisfaction and ultimate home, and in our own days it has become the happy hunting-ground of the genre painter, from Orchardson and Van Haanen to a hundred others. There is scarcely any kind of art that has not at one time or another budded and blossomed there. Although Mr. Orchardson did but little work at Venice, making only a few sketches, his pictures for the next four years showed that it had made a great impression on him.

In 1870, among other works, he exhibited at the Academy: "The Market Girl from the Lido," and in 1871, "On the Grand Canal, Venice," and "In St. Mark's, Venice." After this he reverted to his old class of subject for two years, which produced "Casus Belli," "The Protector," "Oscar and Brin" (two dogs), and "Cinderella;" but in 1874 came "A Venetian Fruit-Seller," together with two scenes

from "Hamlet" and another picture of dogs called "Escaped," now belonging to Mr. Humphrey Roberts, in which we see two bloodhounds stopping with their scent checked by a stream on which the cap of their quarry is sailing. In 1875 appeared two more Venetian subjects, "Too Good to be True" (in which a fruit-seller is offering some of his dainties to two shy children), and "Moonlight on the Lagoons."

In 1876 he sent "Flotsam and Jetsam," "The Bill of Sale," "The Old Soldier," and "A Portrait." The next year he exhibited a picture which marks a new departure and the end of the Venetian wave. This, though suggested by a scene from a novel, may be regarded as the first bold exercise of his personality. In the "Queen of Swords" he "let himself go." The subject was taken from the dance-scene in "The Pirate," where Minna Troil, "whom Halcro had long since entitled 'The Queen of Swords,' . . . moved amidst the swordsmen with an air which seemed to hold all the drawn blades as the proper accompaniments of her person and the implements of her pleasure." But Scott was only the fire from which the artist lit his own candle.*

It is, in the true sense of the word, a picture—a spectacle created for delight by a pictorial imagination—complete in its organization and self-sufficient. The oblong of the canvas is broken by a waving, broad band of light, of elegant shape, composed of sweeping, sympathetic curves. In this band, and striking diagonally across the picture, stand two ranks of gallant beaux, full of grace, style, and movement, who, with swords crossed above their heads, form an arcade through which the ladies of the dance are passing in single file. One (Minna Troil), the Queen of Swords, in a maize-col-

* The original picture is in the possession of Mr. James Keiller, but an admirable sketch of it belongs to Mr. Arthur Sanderson, of Glasgow.

SKETCH FOR "THE QUEEN OF SWORDS"

BY PERMISSION OF MR. ARTHUR SANDERSON

oured dress, is just emerging, with much grace and dignity, from the human avenue. Behind are musicians and groups of "sitters (or, rather, "standers") out," watching and talking. The whole is wrought in a light key, and the costumes are arranged to present delicate alternations of warm and cool colour.

A picture of the same year, "Jessica," from the "Merchant of Venice," was, I think, his last scene from Shakespeare, and with it ended his career as an Associate. He was elected to the full honours of the Academy in December, 1877. From this time may be said to date his period of full maturity, which was accompanied by a change in the choice of his subjects. Henceforth no more Scott, or Shakespeare, or Venice; instead, scenes of his own imagination from more or less modern society, dramas mostly of the drawing-room, and a few (the most highly wrought and elaborately designed) from the France of the later Louis and Napoleon the Great. Not exactly to be placed in either of these categories, and perhaps the most dramatic of all his works, was the celebrated "Hard Hit" of 1879, now in possession of Mr. Humphrey Roberts. A handsome youth, gayly dressed in Mr. Orchardson's favourite costume of the end of the last century, with natural hair *en queue*, swallow-tail coat, ruffles, and knee-breeches, is leaving the room where he has just been plucked by three hard-faced scoundrels. These "hawks" are eying their "pigeon," as he goes, with half-concealed contempt and cynical politeness. He has overturned a chair in his anger, and the floor is strewn with innumerable cards.* The different characters of the "hawks" are finely distinguished. The oldest scoundrel shuffles the cards and looks at his victim out of the corners of his eyes, one of the others leans back in his chair with impudent nonchalance, and the other

* "For this part of the picture Orchardson used fifty packs of cards, throwing them down successively at each corner of the table, so that the actual pattern we see represents two hundred packs."—*The Portfolio*, February, 1895 (Walter Armstrong).

stands and stares with brazen indifference. To some modern critics all these dramatic qualities will seem inconsiderable in comparison with others of a more technical kind, but these are there also—tone, illumination, atmosphere, the painter's touch, personality, and temperament, and all of a sufficiently high order to conciliate, if not to satisfy, the most exacting pedant.

The first important picture of the French series was "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1880. Its remarkable merit was recognized at once, and it was purchased by the Royal Academy as trustees of the Chantrey bequest. The Emperor, in long gray coat and cocked hat, is standing in the right foreground of the picture, his small form firmly planted on his parted feet, as he takes his last long look at France. The figure is the embodiment of energy, imprisoned but indomitable. Behind, at some little distance, stand his personal suite and the officers of the ship, chatting and watching the solitary figure which seems already in exile. The only person unconcerned (and this is a true touch of Nature) is the young Las Cases, who, with his back turned to the rest, looks over the poop-rail on to the quarter-deck. The largest and most elaborate of all Mr. Orchardson's compositions is the scene in the "Salon of Madame Récamier," which he painted on commission from Mr. John Aird. It appeared at the Royal Academy in 1885. The arrangement is a sort of converse of that of the "Napoleon." All lines equally tend to the principal character which is the focus of the composition, but this social Empress is in the background. Nevertheless she dominates the canvas. Her elegant sofa is a throne on which she sits alone, and, although she is the centre of a most brilliant circle, she is isolated (pictorially) almost as completely as the captive on the Bellerophon. The picture is a masterpiece of design, the figures (about thirty) are massed without crowding, and the large light spaces of wall and carpet (treated with the

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

BY PERMISSION OF THE GLASGOW GALLERY

artist's singular dexterity) give a sense of amplitude and freedom, besides aiding greatly in the brilliant illumination. Among the company there is scarcely one that is not well known. Fouché talks to Madame from a respectful distance, and near them are Delille, Cuvier, Metternich. At the other side of the room are Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Lucien Bonaparte, Brillat-Savarin, Talma, Bernadotte, and others. Yet, notwithstanding the abundance and variety of fact, there is no sense of difficulty in arranging and controlling it. Each figure is placed on the canvas with as much ease and vitality as if he had been painted from the life. The artist's power of fusing heterogeneous material into one living spectacle has never been shown more triumphantly than in this picture.

Two other French pictures of great elaboration and skill are the "Voltaire" of 1883, and the "Young Duke" of 1889. Both are alike in rendering a convivial scene under the "old Régime," both are rich in accessories of costume and furniture, and bathed in the mellow glow of many candles. Both are splendid with the sheen of napery, the glitter of plate, and the variegated colours of flowers. But all this magnificent display of material is still accessory to the life and animation, the spirit and character of the human actors. In one we see Voltaire nettled beyond description, making his futile complaint to the Duke of Sully of the drubbing he has received at the hands of the Chevalier de Rohan's footmen. Cold comfort he gets from his host and his boon companions. In the other we have what appears to be a grand banquet to celebrate the coming of age of a young nobleman. Very select and aristocratic and dissipated is this assembly of young nobles in wigs and laced coats pledging their host. Here there is no particular history, no complicated passion, no moral intended or suggested, unless, indeed, the picture may be taken to symbolize the reckless self-indulgence of the French aristocracy which preceded the Revolution.

In his pictures of social life of the present day, or of nearly the present day, Mr. Orchardson strikes a note quite as personal, while appealing more directly to the feeling of his generation. He sometimes approaches tragedy, as in the two scenes of "Mariage de Convenance;" sometimes he is pathetic, as in "Her Mother's Voice;" sometimes gently humourous, as in "Her First Dance;" at others, as in the "Farmer's Daughter," or the "Young Housewife," he is content with a charming vision, appealing simply to our sense of beauty, with just sufficient sentiment to set some gentle chord of human sympathy vibrating. He never leaves us alone with a bare transcript of fact. In the least emotional of his pictures, as "The Tender Chord," or "Music, when Soft Voices Die, Vibrates in the Memory" (both in the possession of Mr. Humphrey Roberts), there is scarcely need for any attraction beyond those of exquisite design and perfect painting. In the "Tender Chord" the delicate shimmer of the girl's dress relieved as by magic against the wall, which is of almost the same tone, the marvellous painting of the piano, with its rich wood suggested in colour of the finest "quality," are technical triumphs which the artist has never excelled; in the "Music, etc.," while the manipulation is nearly, if not quite, as fine, the motive is even more exclusively pictorial. The lines of the curious harp-shaped piano are reflected in the form and gown of the performer, and all together complete a shape of beauty which is a picture in itself. The remarkable instruments which have had so much to do with the creation of these charming pictures are both in the possession of the artist. The lightness and elasticity with which Mr. Orchardson touches every subject is one of his most peculiar characteristics, especially on this side of the Channel, where we are apt to be a little heavy and over anxious, even when engaged upon the slightest themes. His elegance, his daintiness, his *esprit*, have seldom been approached by any English artist, and even when his imagination is engaged on such serious matters as the

"MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE,
VIBRATES IN THE MEMORY."—SHELLEY

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HILDESHEIMER & CO., L'T'D

"Napoleon," or the "Mariage de Convenance" he is never ponderous. At such times he reminds us of Hogarth, though "with a difference."

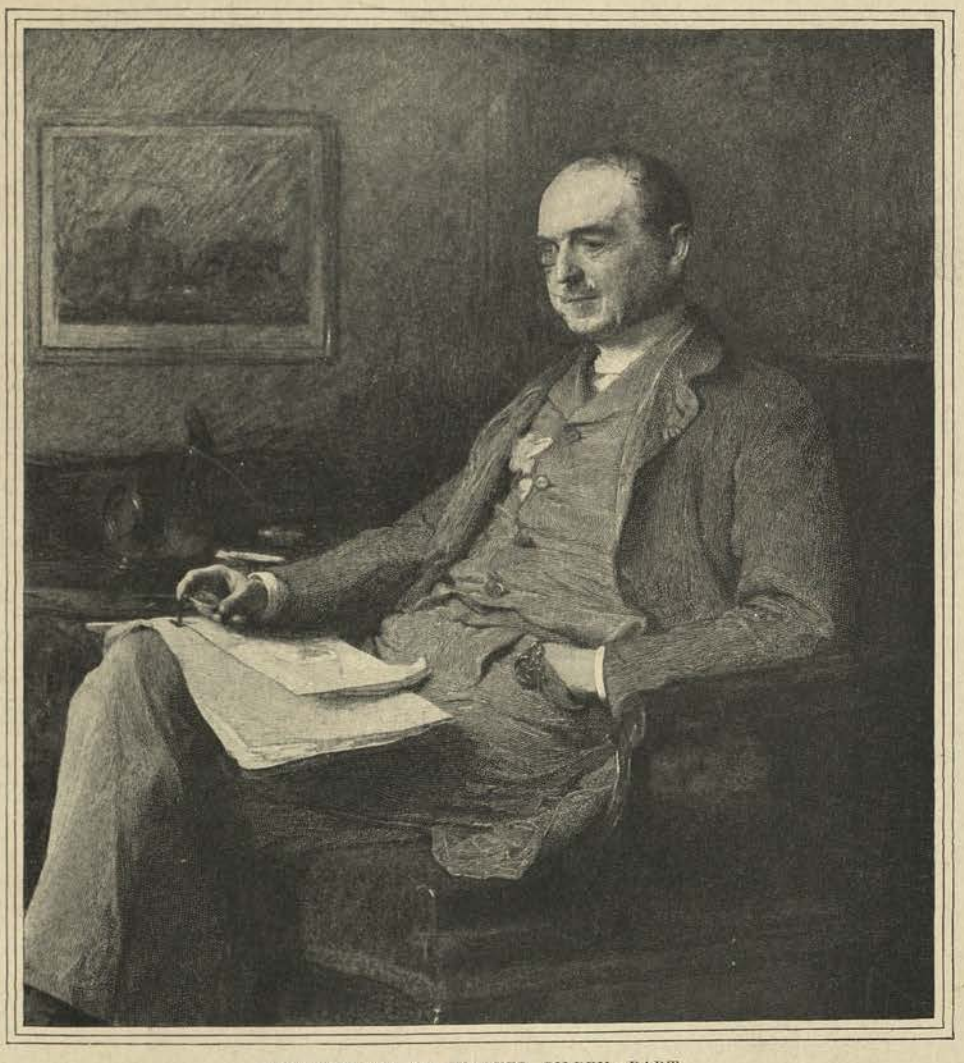
In the "Mariage de Convenance," as in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," the artist is concerned with an old story, which it is to be feared will go on repeating itself till love and money cease to be. It was Hogarth's business in the first place to lash the follies and vices of his own age. With these Orchardson has no particular concern. He is, in the first place, a painter, not a satirist. But he is not only a painter, but a man of good sense and right feeling, and he has sedulously kept his great gifts to give pleasure of a pure kind, while such moral influence as his pictures have is always on the right side. A recorder rather than a censor, it is the tragedy rather than the turpitude of mercenary alliances that he places before our eyes. He tells the essence of the story in the tersest manner. He cuts his tales "down to the bone." Two scenes of three persons suffice for him, instead of Hogarth's six comparatively crowded stages. In one we see the middle-aged Crœsus and his young wife at opposite ends of a long, luxurious dinner-table, which acts as a symbol of the spiritual distance between them. The old butler, who pours out his wine, is nearer to him in person and in sympathy. In the second scene he is in the same room brooding alone before the fire. In both pictures the space is large, the figures few; but there is no "room to let" in the compositions, for the emptiness is full of meaning, and is made pictorially interesting by its masterly treatment. Another admirable scene of the same order is "The First Cloud." Here the husband is younger, and stands choking with anger on the hearth-rug, while the wife is slowly sailing from the room with contemptuous dignity in every line of her lithe and graceful figure. Seldom so much dramatic effect has been achieved by such slight means as in these pictures. They would furnish the germ of a three-volume novel, for such pictures as these breed literature, as a fine story will suggest pictures.

So closely does the literary entwine with the pictorial, that any work of imagination in one kind suggests an echo in the other.

When Mr. Orchardson touches a purer pathos, as in "Her Mother's Voice," or "Trouble" (the last of all his completed works), he strikes his note no less surely and simply. Other painters may shoot at higher marks (for he does not attempt the grand or the ideal), but within his own domain of light comedy he is supreme. In this respect, as in others, he has much affinity with Mr. Austin Dobson among poets. They both love the modes of the eighteenth century in England and in France, they both study style and elegance, they both see life through the eyes of the artist. Moreover, each of them chooses with unfailing taste those themes which are specially suitable to their means of expression; and, finally, both, with all their art, are thoroughly human, touching the lighter emotions with incomparable verve and vivacity, and approaching those that are graver with more caution, indeed, but with equal truth and taste.

It remains to say a word about his portraits, which are as fine and characteristic as any of his work. No one has a greater power of transferring to his canvas the very life and character of his sitter, and it is doubtful whether any painter of the present day, so prolific and distinguished in this branch of art, can equal the spirit and refinement of his portraits of gentlewomen. Among these may be mentioned those of Mrs. Keiller, Mrs. Joseph, Mrs. Winchester Clowes and Mrs. Ralli. Nor is he less successful with his own sex, as is testified by his portraits of Sir Walter Gilbey, Professor Dewar, Sir Andrew Walker, and Sir David Stewart, late Lord Provost of Aberdeen. In the present exhibition of the Royal Academy are very fine portraits of Lord Kelvin and Lord Crawford. And the artist is engaged on a portrait group of the Queen with other members of the Royal Family.

Respecting Mr. Orchardson's career, there is little to add. Since



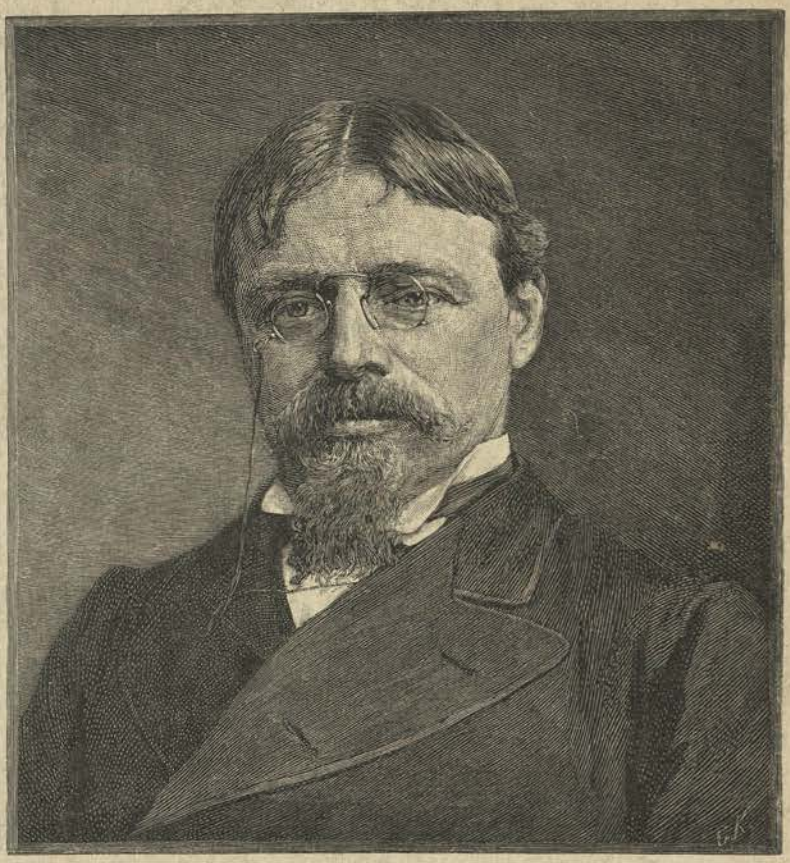
PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

BY PERMISSION OF SIR WALTER GILBEY

his election as a Royal Academician, as before, he has lived a painter's life, and has won a wide reputation at home and abroad. Among the higher honours that have fallen to his share should be mentioned the invitation to paint his portrait for the famous gallery of the Uffizi, and his election as a Member of the Institute of France. All his painting, with the exception of a few sketches at Venice, has been done in England, and save an occasional holiday on the Continent and elsewhere, his life has been spent in his English home and studio. He is one of those who are either hard at work or hard at play, and is as devoted to his family as to his art. He was a keen huntsman before his marriage, and an ardent player at tennis for long after. By his old house at Westgate-on-Sea, where he lived for seventeen years, he built a private tennis-court (the only open one in England); but now the saddle has given place to the fishing-rod, and tennis to golf. His changes of residence in London have been numerous, but for the last nine years he has lived at No. 13 Portland Place. There he has built himself a noble studio of large and fine proportions, specially proportioned to suit several grand pieces of Spanish and Flemish tapestry with which the walls are hung. He has lately taken a country house near Dartford, but he does not intend to give up his London studio. That he should ever do so is the fear of his large circle of friends, who rightly appreciate his society no less than his art.

There is indeed a wonderful likeness between them, for of him it may be said that the style is truly the man; good sense, good taste, good feeling, combined with unusual humour, spirit and sincerity, are as distinctive of his conversation as of his work.

SIR
LAWRENCE
ALMA-TADEMA
R.A.



SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC AND PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

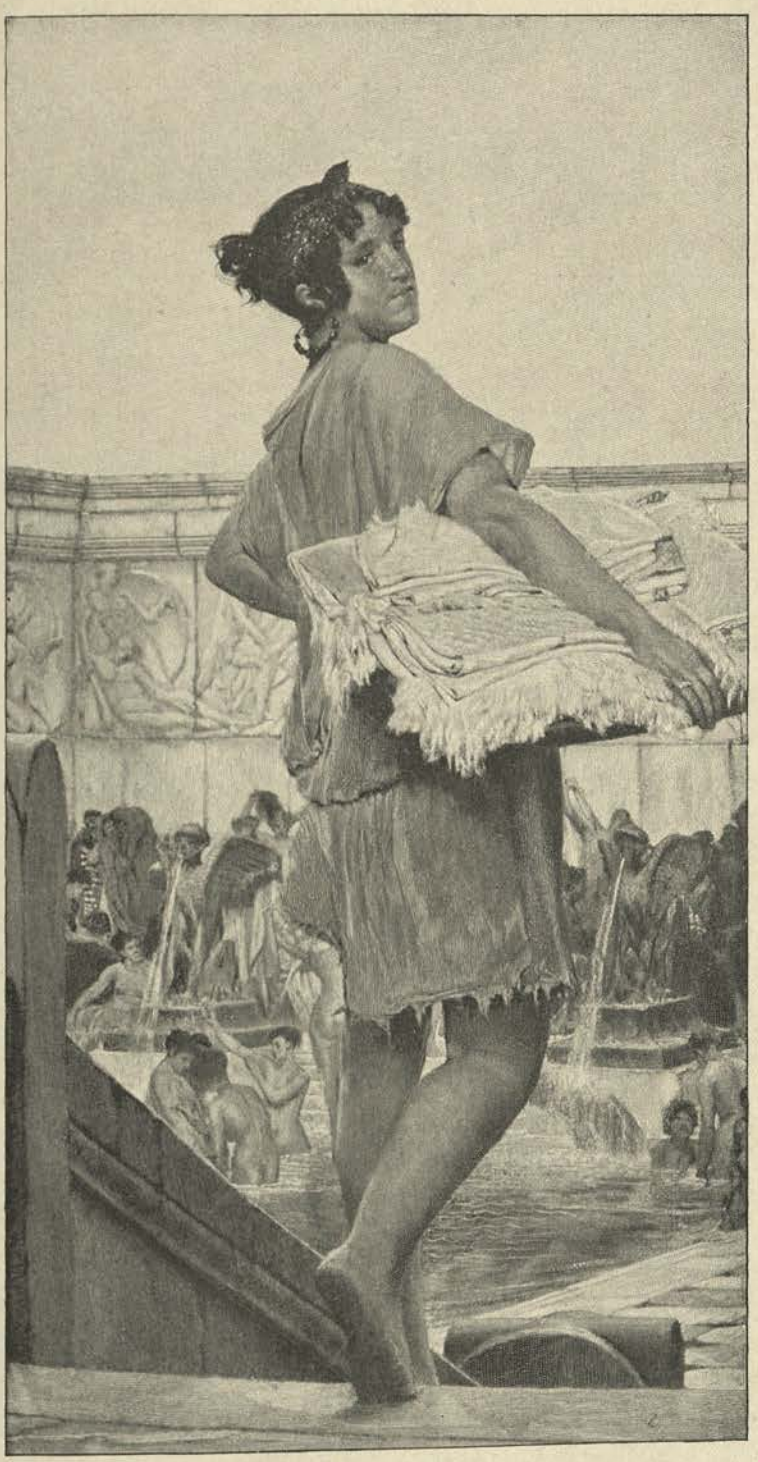
BACCHUS AND SILENUS

PAINTED IN 1875. THIS ALSO DECORATED THE CEILING OF THE TOWNSHEND HOUSE STUDIO, BUT WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE, AND IS HERE ENGRAVED FOR THE FIRST TIME

HOWEVER high or low Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema may be ranked by posterity there can be no doubt that he is a Master. His knowledge of effect, his control over his materials, his manipulative skill, are scarcely equalled by any modern artist. He knows what he wants to do, and what he can do, and he rarely oversteps the boundaries of his knowledge or capacity. Unusual talent and unusual judgment in its exercise combine to make him a Master in the true sense. His works all speak of the confident exercise of assured skill as a draughtsman, and a colourist, and a composer of pictures. But it is not only as an executant that he has won his well-deserved fame. Even his extraordinary imitative skill in the representation of light-reflecting surfaces and textures, even his marbles, his bronzes, and his brocades, though they have become as famous as Terborch's satin gowns, would not have earned him his present popularity. It is not his "still life" alone, superex-

cellent as that is, which has raised him to a unique place in the estimation of his contemporaries, but also the real, may I say the living, life which animates his canvases. Alma-Tadema is not an idealist, he does not seek after more than mortal beauty, his fancy does not wander beyond this lower world of human life, nor does it try to give form to the abstractions of the mind; neither is he a realist in the usual sense—one whose only aim is to reproduce carefully the sights of the present day; he is the painter of human incident in all ages and places. If he does not raise you to Olympus or give you photographs of the Strand, he takes you to the palace of Pharaoh, and fills the streets of ancient Rome with fresh-drawn life.

Alma-Tadema's pedigree as an artist is a very long one, but he essentially belongs to his time. The choice of subjects from the ancient history of a foreign land was compulsory on the earliest Christian artists, and as time went on we find them treating with more and more familiarity those scenes from the Bible and the legends of the Church which formed the staple of their employment. What is now called historical *genre* is no new invention; the works of Ghirlandajo, of Benozzo Gozzoli, and Carpaccio, to mention no other artists of the fifteenth century, are full of it; and another common practice of Tadema, the introduction among his figures of portraits of his friends, is equally time-honoured. Even the effort to reproduce scenes from the life of ancient Rome, with every possible regard to accuracy of costume and character, was made more than four hundred years ago, as we may see in Mantegna's "Triumph of Scipio," in the National Gallery in London, and his "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" at Hampton Court Palace. Nevertheless the interest in other ages and all places for their own sakes, the historical curiosity which is not only scientific and artistic but also human, is a distinct characteristic of the present century, from Sir Walter Scott to Alma-Tadema. In the spirit of his work the latter may be regarded as an heir of that so-



A NYMPHÆUM

PAINTED IN 1875—NOW IN KRUM'S COLLECTION AT ANTWERP

JOSEPH, OVERSEER OF PHARAOH'S GRANARIES
PAINTED IN 1874

called "romantic movement" which broke down the old conventions of David in France and Belgium, and of West in England. The artists of the old classical school did indeed paint Greeks and Romans, but they were almost as far removed from ordinary humanity as the gods of Olympus. In the works of Tadema we are made to feel that they were composed of the same flesh and blood as ourselves.

While, however, he belongs intellectually to the general movement of his time and to no particular nation, his purely artistic impulses and technical proclivities are clearly derived from his own Dutch ancestors. That decided preference for interiors and courtyards, with their subtle and complicated effects of reflected light; that wonderful skill in the representation of all kinds of substance and tex-

ture, that delight in beautiful colour modified and graduated infinitely by different intensities of illumination, that love of finish and detail; in all these predilections Alma-Tadema shows his nationality. Instead of Holland he gives you Italy, instead of bricked alleys, marble courts, but in his blood is the spirit of Terborch and Metzu and De Hoogh.

The biographies of celebrated artists so often commence with tales of extraordinary precocity and of an obstinate bent in the direction of art which no worldly consideration will ever overcome, that one would have been really disappointed to find that the little Laurens Alma-Tadema was an exception to the rule—he was not. Born at Dronryp, a Friesian village near Leeuwarden, on January 8, 1836, he corrected an error of a drawing-master in 1841, and painted his sister's portrait ten years afterward. He was sent to the public school at Leeuwarden, but of course spent every spare moment in drawing and made little progress in Greek or Latin. His mother (mothers always favour their sons' artistic proclivities) used to wake him by pulling a string tied to his toe so that he might rise early to sketch. Unfortunately, his father, Pieter Tadema, a notary, had died when he was four years old, and his mother (his father's second wife), a lady of great spirit and character, but weak health, was left with a large family, two only of which were her own children. It was therefore all the more desirable that Laurens should follow his father's profession, or at least one less precarious than that of a painter. But in these cases where art and nature are, so to speak, on the same side, nothing will withstand them in the long run. After a long struggle between duty and inclination the youth's health broke down, and the course of his true love (for art) was allowed to run smooth. The result was a quick and thorough restoration to health. In order to secure for him a better course of training than his native country then afforded, he was sent to Antwerp, where in 1852 he entered the Academy, under Gustave Wappers, the painter of "Episode de

SHY

PAINTED IN 1883, AND OWNED BY MR. THEODORE MILLER

Private Collection

la Révolution Belge," the leader of that "romantic" and "national" movement in Belgian art which was fast obliterating the old classical school of David. From the Academy, Tadema passed to the atelier of Henri (soon after to become Baron) Leys, then in the flush of the success of his new manner of painting mediæval scenes. To him, beyond all others of his generation, belongs the merit of infusing into his pictures the spirit of the age which he sought to restore. Not only was he careful about correctness in architecture, in costume, and type, but he gave to his figures an old-world air, a quaintness of demeanour, a spirit, and a sentiment, in character with their surroundings. When it is added that his execution was thorough and masterly and his colour beautiful, it is easy to understand how powerful an effect he had upon the development of his young pupil. Tadema worked very hard, and painted several pictures which he afterward destroyed. We are told that the subjects were for the most part selected from half-historic times, and that the first of the larger ones was from Goethe's "Faust," which reminds us of "La Promenade de Faust" by his master, which is now in the Museum of Brussels.

In 1859 Tadema assisted Leys in his frescoes on the wall of the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp, and about this time he was joined by his mother and sister. He was now but three and twenty, and was still in the student stage. In the exhibition of his collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1882-83 there were two pictures which may be said to mark the beginning and end of this first period of every artist's career. These were the portrait of himself, dated 1852, and "A Bargain," painted in 1860. His mother died about four years after she came to Antwerp, but not before he had achieved a great success by his picture of "The Education of the Children of Clovis" (1861), exhibited at Antwerp, and had received his first gold medal at Amsterdam in 1862.

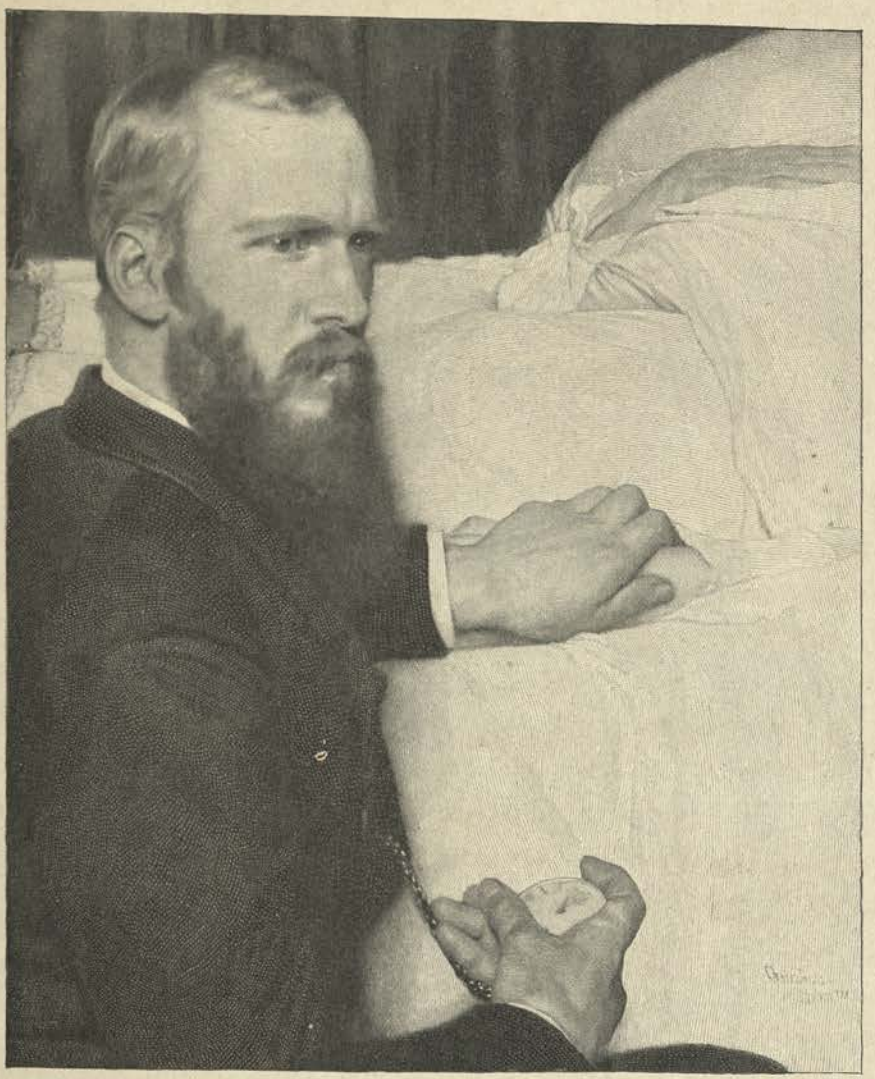
One of the most remarkable features of Tadema's pictures, even

at this time, was the accuracy of their architectural and decorative details. From his childhood he appears to have had a strong interest in antiquities, and to have studied those of Greece and Rome, when he was comparatively careless about acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin. What first turned his attention more particularly to the Merovingians, were the works of Augustin Thierry and the teaching of Louis de Taey, Professor in Archæology in the Academy of Antwerp. The "Education of the Children of Clovis" was not his first attempt to illustrate a striking and picturesque incident in the terrible family history of that great warrior who founded France. To 1858 belongs the remarkable picture of "Clotilde at the Tomb of her Grandchildren." Both pictures were to be seen side by side at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, the former lent by the King of the Belgians, and the latter by M. Jules Verspreerewen.

In the "Education of the Children of Clovis," we see the three young children of Clovis and Clotilde practising the art of hurling the axe in a court of Roman architecture. The most interested of their spectators is their widowed mother, who is training them to avenge the murder of her own parents. A fine little fellow, the eldest son, is taking his aim with vigourous gesture, the second is watching and waiting his turn, the youngest is standing by his mother's knee. In the second picture Clotilde is mourning the orphan children of her first-born, who have been murdered by their uncles.

It is characteristic that, even in these early works, the artist avoids the great high-road of historic art, and takes, as it were, a by-path; choosing, not great public events, but domestic incidents connected therewith; not the tragedies themselves, but their preparation and result.

"The Children of Clovis" was the first picture painted by Tadema under the guidance of Leys, and, no doubt, partly on this account, shows an advance beyond the earlier "Clotilde at the Tomb,"



DR. W. EPPS, THE PHYSICIAN

but they both testify to the originality of the young artist who thus early had marked out a fresh path for himself, well suited to his special talent and disposition. They are the first of a series of pictures, of which the best-known and the finest is the "Fredegonda" of 1878 (exhibited 1880), where the rejected wife or mistress is watching from behind her curtained window the marriage of Chilperic I. with Galeswintha. But this picture was a return to an old love, whom he had left some years, for perhaps still more congenial society. The principal pictures of Alma-Tadema may be divided into four classes: 1, Portrait; 2, Frankish; 3, Egyptian; 4, Greek and Roman. Tadema's first Roman picture, "Catullus at Lesbia's" (now in the Walters Gallery at Baltimore), was painted in 1865, but a Roman feeling may be said to permeate all his works, except the pure Egyptian, and those few pictures of mediæval Flemish interiors, which tell of his studentship at Antwerp, and should perhaps be noted as a fifth group. If we except one of his Egyptian pictures, "The Death of the First-Born," and one or two of the Roman pictures like "A Roman Emperor," it is in this Frankish or Merovingian series that we find the painter moved by the deepest feeling and the liveliest spirit of romance.

Perhaps the most strongly dramatic and passionate of all his designs is that of "Fredegonda at the Death-bed of Prætextatus," where the Bishop, who has been stabbed by order of the Queen, is cursing her from his dying bed. There is a good woodcut of this somewhat stiff but powerful picture in the *Art Annual* for 1886, which is devoted to the career of Alma-Tadema.

The first note I have of a picture by Alma-Tadema, which attempts to reproduce for us the life of ancient Egypt, relates to "Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago," which was lent by Mr. J. Dewhurst to the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, and was painted in 1863. It has been followed by many notable scenes of Egypt before and

after the Roman period, faithful in their architectural and ornamental details and careful in their human types. Those concerned with the time of Pharaoh are reserved in colour and severe in sentiment and style, as though the statues and painted reliefs which adorn the temples and palaces of the Nile had come to life and repeopled their solitary streets and halls. Here both the pictorial and the plastic sense of the artist, which are combined in him to an unusual degree, are called strongly into action. His Egyptian figures want neither life nor individuality, but they are constrained by some of that stern formality which characterizes Egyptian art. Yet among the series of his Egyptian pictures there is one which reaches a profounder depth of human pathos than he has elsewhere sounded. This is the "Death of the First-Born," painted in 1893 and still in the possession of the artist. The scene is the interior of an Egyptian temple on a clear warm night, with the moonlight seen through a distant doorway, and the gloom within fitfully illumined with lamps. Upright and monumental, Pharaoh, crowned, and glittering with jewels, sits on a low stool with the slender figure of his first-born lying dead across his knees. He seems as passionless and immovable as a statue, and yet the artist has made you feel that his stoicism is more apparent than real, and is maintained only by severe control. On one side sits the mother, overcome with anguish, on the other the physician, and all around on the dim, lamp-lit floor are priests and players of strange instruments, suggesting a weird din of wild prayers and shrill music. Among his other Egyptian pictures are "An Egyptian at his Doorway" (1865), "The Mummy" (Roman period, 1867), "A Widow" (1873), "The Chamberlain of Sesostris" (1869), and "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries" (1874). The last is one of the most strange and characteristic. It is a small but long picture, showing an Egyptian hall or apartment, the wall of which, carved and painted with Egyptian reliefs, occupies the whole of the background. On the

XANTHE AND PHAON—OF EBERS'S "THE QUESTION"
WATER-COLOUR, PAINTED IN 1883, IN THE WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

narrow strip of floor between this and the spectator are two figures. On the left is Joseph, sitting stiff and stately on a throne-like chair. His left hand is extended, and holds a tall staff of office surmounted by a lotus flower. On either side of his neck his hair descends in rope-like plaits, a bead necklace of many rows hangs across his chest, and his feet are bare. On the right the storekeeper sits on the ground reading from a papyrus roll, his pen stuck through his bushy hair. In the scanty foreground are spilled samples of strange-looking grain.

On these scenes from Frankish and Egyptian life Alma-Tadema spent great energy and research, and exercised his best imagination; but through all his life his strongest and most consistent art-impulse has been toward the presentation of the life of ancient Greece and Rome. Now he treats it historically, as in "Tarquinius Superbus," "Ave Cæsar," and "Heliogabalus;" now socially, as in a hundred pictures, such as "The Wine Shop," the "Audience at Agrippa's," and "The Entrance to a Roman Theatre." As might be expected of a man of scholarship and culture, he does not forget either the literary or the artistic past; he paints "Sappho" listening to the lyre of Alcæus; he shows us "Tibullus at Delia's" and "Catullus at Lesbia's;" he introduces us to Phidias showing the frieze of the Parthenon to Pericles, Alcibiades, and Aspasia; and invites us to the studio of Antistius Labeo; he takes us with Hadrian to the pottery of a Roman Minton in England, and to a reading of Homer on the shores of the Greek Archipelago; with a wave of his paint-brush he brings before us the dance and music of the "Vintage Festival," the pomp of their religious processions, and the mighty movement of the "Pyrrhic Dance," and he gives us the *entrée* even to the ladies' baths, to the "Apodyterium," the "Tepidarium," and "The Bath" itself; he reveals to us the mysteries of the toilette and the innocent merriment of the girls as they splash and play in the water, squeeze their

skins with strigils, or submit themselves to the *douche* which spirts from the mouths of bronze or marble sphinxes. He has many things to tell us (or to paint us) of their homes and domestic affections. We see the mother kissing her child before her "Departure" to the amphitheatre, or bargaining by "The Bridge" for a row on the river with her daughter, or reading to a "convalescent," who is "down on the sofa," for the first time, just able to listen to the "last novel," and to enjoy the ancient Roman equivalent of beef tea. Last, but not least, of his gifts to us are the scenes of love and flirtation, now treated sportively with ever so delicate a humour, as in "Who Is It?" or "Shy," or "A Love Missile," or more seriously and idyllically, as in the "First Whisper," or "The Question," one of the smallest and most charming of the painter's works. Of this a beautiful variant in water-colour ("Xanthe and Phaon") is in the Walters collection at Baltimore. Nor have I yet exhausted the many ways in which Alma-Tadema has depicted the lives of the old Greeks and Romans, so as to bring them (as Miss H. Zimmern remarks) "within the scope of our sympathies."

There is so high a general level of accomplishment in all these pictures, and so great a variety of conception, that it is difficult to select favourites, but for various reasons I will choose a few which were painted before he took up his residence in England some five and twenty years ago. The "Tarquinius Superbus" of 1867, the "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles" of 1868, and the "Pyrrhic Dance" and "The Wine Shop" of 1869. The scene of the "Tarquinius" is a garden, but as in most of his earlier pictures, whether interiors or in the open air, there is no sky visible; the distance is blocked by a wall highly decorated with classical figures. The face of Tarquinius is of unusual beauty, his bearing of unusual elegance, as he stands in an attitude of haughty ease to receive the huge keys which the envoys of Gabia bring him on a salver. A remarkable feature in the

THE EARTHLY PARADISE

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

picture is the thick bed of tall poppies, some of which are in the tyrant's hands, apparently just cropped with his sceptre. No other artist has ever made so much use of flowers to beautify his pictures as Alma-Tadema. They frequently aid him in his difficulties of colour and composition. A picture which will not come right is often settled by a mass of splendid bloom from his garden or conservatory. In this respect he has allowed himself some liberty of anachronism (especially perhaps in later years), introducing the latest variety of purple clematis or rose azalea into the gardens and palaces of ancient Rome. The "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles" is the first of those glimpses of the art-world of classical life of which "Hadrian in England," "The Sculpture Gallery," and the "Picture Gallery" are later samples. Here the subject is as Greek as it can be, and the types and costumes of the figures have been studied with the greatest regard to time and race; but even here he is not so convincing as in his pictures of Rome and the Romans. This work is an early example of what may be called his fragmentary style of composition, his complex lighting and daring effect of perspective. It is made up of sections of roof, of frieze, and of scaffold, and it is only through the planks of the last that you get peeps of a world below.

The "Pyrrhic Dance," though one of the simplest of his compositions, stands out distinctly from them all by reason of its striking silhouette and impressive attitudes of the soldiers engaged in this famous war-dance. Two only of the warriors are wholly visible as they advance with lifted shield and lowered lance with long, slow stride round the arena. The action of the men, studied no doubt carefully from some ancient relief or vase painting, is admirably rendered. It is stealthy, alert, and formidable. Behind, on marble benches, sit a noble company watching the robust and picturesque game with interest, but these two warriors, so heavily armed and yet so light upon their feet, make the "picture" which remains upon the memory. In

the "Wine Shop" the humour of the artist, never far below the surface, appears more prominently than usual. The muscular young wine-seller, with a face like a satyr's and sparkling with merriment, is retailing the last good story to an audience of his customers, who are sipping their wine and listening with various degrees of interest. One on the left is absorbed in a critical examination of the merits of the vintage. The characters of all are well seized and well distinguished from each other, and the whole scene is presented with a force which the artist has seldom excelled.

During the five or six years after the death of his mother, within which period these four pictures (and so many more) were painted, Alma-Tadema's private life had passed through much joy and suffering. In 1863 he had married a French lady, and had removed from Antwerp to Brussels, where he remained till 1869, when his wife died and left him a widower with two little girls. Soon after this he determined to change his residence from Brussels to London, where he was to find friends, fame, prosperity, and new domestic happiness. With regard to fame it must, however, be remembered that when he made this resolve he was already one of the most celebrated of the younger artists of Europe. He was only three and thirty, but besides the distinctions which he had gained in Holland and Belgium, he had been awarded a medal at the Paris Salon of 1864, and a medal of the second class at the Exposition Universelle of 1867. It is difficult to say how far his reputation had spread in England. He had been too young to share in the honours paid to the Belgian artists at the London Exhibition of 1862, especially to Louis Gallait (the painter of "The Last Moments of Count Egmont" and "The Last Honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn," that powerful but ghostly picture known by the name of "Les Têtes coupées") and to Baron Leys, who was represented by his young "Luther Singing the Canticles in the Streets of Eisenach." But he was known to many artists

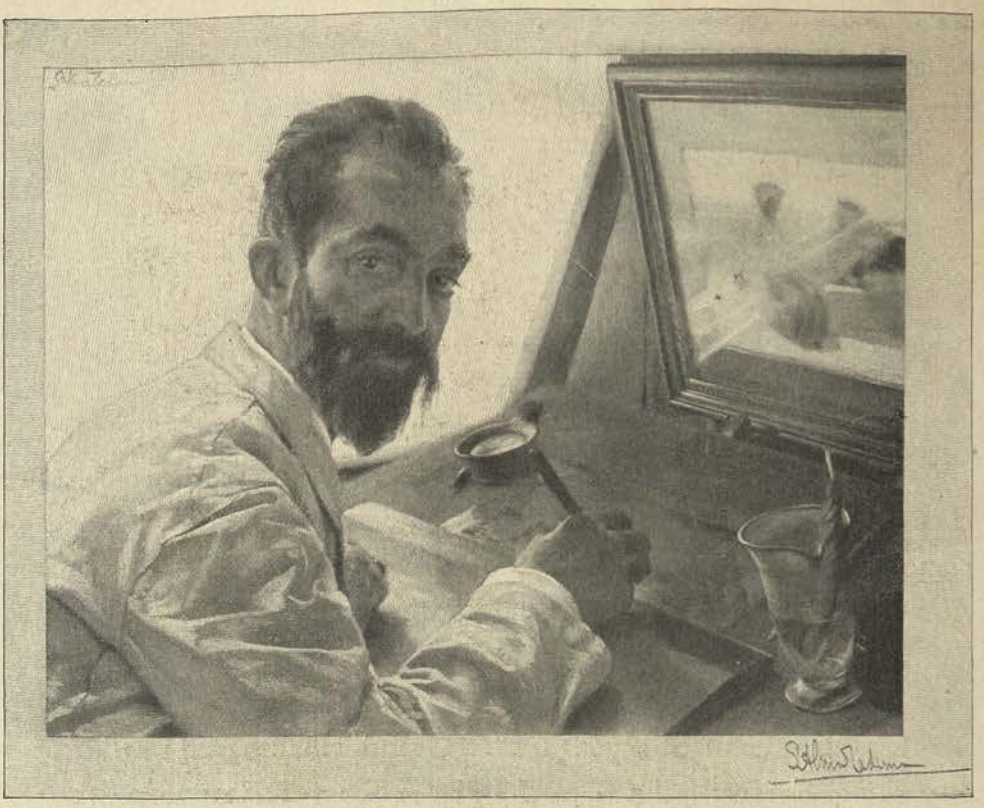
THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE

R. A. DIPLOMA PAINTING IN 1882

and connoisseurs, and a few of his pictures, too remarkable for their unusual style, their finished execution, and fine colour to pass unobserved, had been seen at Wallis's French Gallery in Pall Mall, and perhaps elsewhere in London. When he came to England he came to stay, and as if to announce his intention, he sent to the Royal Academy of 1869, from "51 Rue des Palais, Bruxelles," two pictures, "Un Amateur romain" and "Une Danse pyrrhique" (the picture already described), his first contributions to the Exhibitions of this Academy. Next year the catalogue contains the same address, and his pictures were "Un Intérieur romain," "Un Jongleur," and "Un Amateur romain (empire)." Next year's catalogue chronicles two changes: his address is English—4 Camden Square, N. W.—and his name is indexed under A instead of T. By joining his second name, Alma, to his surname Tadema, he had become the Alma-Tadema we know. His godfather was Laurens Alma, and from a boy he had been accustomed to sign himself L. Alma-Tadema.

His pictures of this year were "Grand Chamberlain to his Majesty King Sesostris the Great," and "A Roman Emperor A. D. 41," one of his most celebrated compositions, which was partly a repetition of his "Claudius" of 1867, and was again to be reproduced with variations in the exquisite little picture called "Ave Cæsar, Io Saturnalia," which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. But the year 1871 was in other ways more important still in the history of the painter's life, for it was then that he married his second wife, Miss Laura Epps, and took up his residence at Townshend House, North Gate, Regent's Park, which soon became one of the most interesting and attractive houses in London.

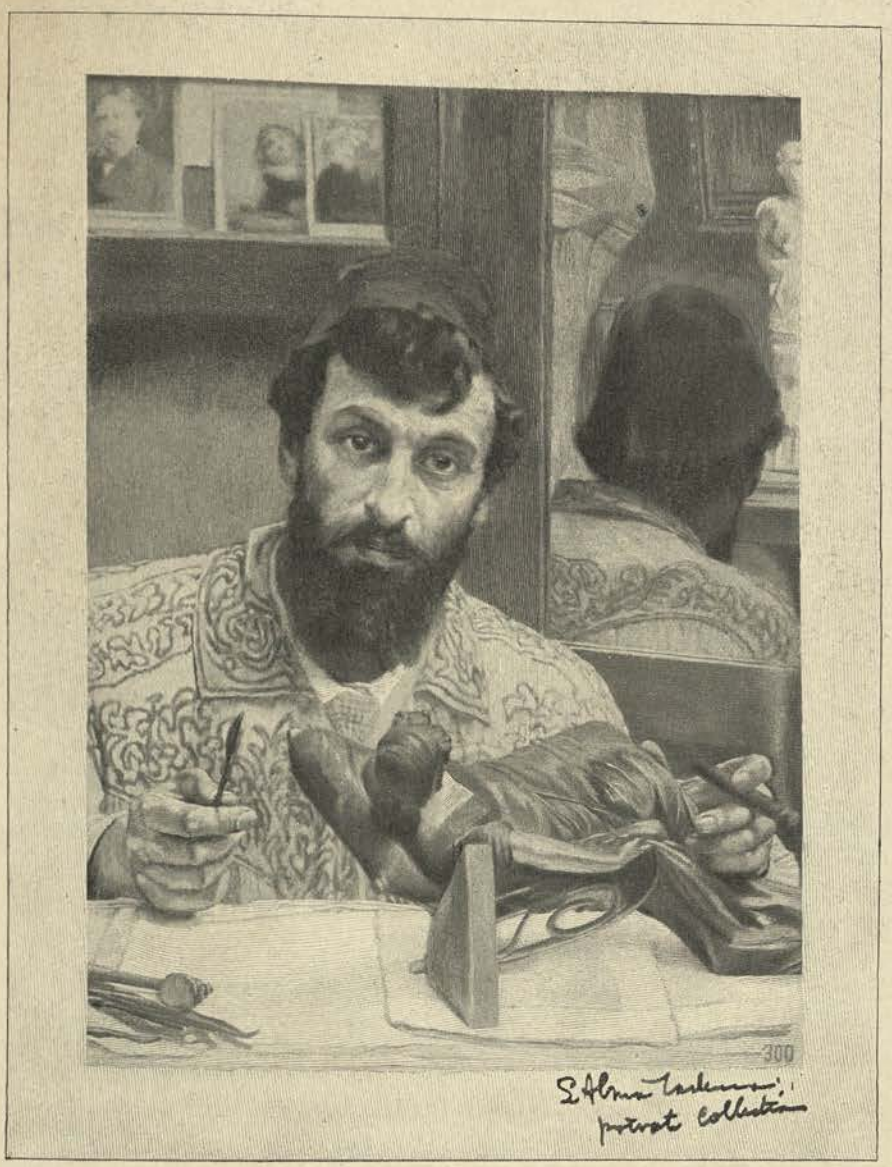
It is not necessary to add much with regard to the pictures which Alma-Tadema has painted during his long residence in England. Most of the more important ones have already been mentioned, with more or less comment, and have been made well-known



L. LOWENSTAM, THE ETCHER

by means of engravings. It needs but a mention of the name to recall such works as "The Vintage Festival" (1870), "The Picture Gallery," "The Sculpture Gallery" (1875), "The Audience at Agrippa's" (1876), "The Seasons" (1877), "Sappho" (1881), "Hadrian in Britain" (1884), and the "Apodyterium" of 1886.

Since then, however, he has painted two pictures of high importance which may be less known. These are "The Women of Amphissa" (1887); and the "Roses of Heliogabalus" (1888). They are both among his most daring attempts, the former especially in form, the latter in colour. The former shows us a wandering troupe of Bacchantes lying in every attitude of exhausted nature in the market-place of Amphissa, the latter the guests of Heliogabalus be-



THE LATE PROFESSOR G. B. AMENDOLA MAKING THE SILVER STATUE OF MRS. TADEMA

ing smothered in an avalanche of rose-leaves. In both these pictures we see that, however accurate they may be in historical detail, the artist has become the master of the archæologist, and this perhaps in a few words is the history of Alma-Tadema in England.

His real progress has been in freedom of draughtsmanship, in perception of beauty, in subtlety and exquisiteness of colour, in directness of pictorial intention, in gayety of spirit. He teaches less, but he pleases more. May I add in a whisper that he gets more modern as well as more human, using art only as a drapery for nature, and the past as a cloak for the present.

Alma-Tadema is not a professional portrait-painter, but he paints, and no one more powerfully and sympathetically, the portraits of his friends In 1871, he painted the portrait of Miss Laura Epps, soon to become his wife, and thereafter to grace not only his life but his art. Her type of beauty, if not her exact likeness, animated many of his best pictures. He has painted his daughters also, when quite young, and afterwards. One of these (Miss Anna), like her mother, is an accomplished artist. Always painting a friend, now and then, he has painted them more frequently of later years. Among others may be mentioned Ludwig Barnay, the actor, Count von Bylands, Signor Amendola (the late sculptor), Herr Lowenstam, the etcher of many of his pictures, Dr. Epps, his brother-in-law, Herr Henschel, Dr. Joachim, Herr Richter, the musician, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A. His female portraits are fewer, but there are two at least of great charm, Mrs. F. D. Millet, the wife of an American artist, and Mrs. Charles W. Wyllie, the wife of an English one. As to the portraits of friends introduced into his pictures they are too numerous to mention. In his last large picture, "Spring," Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, clad as ancient Romans, are looking down from an upper story upon the brilliant spectacle.

He has introduced himself also into at least one of his pictures,

"The Departure," which is quite a family group, for the mother is his wife, the child his daughter, and he himself is on the wall in the form of a bust. Nor could anyone pass more easily for an ancient Roman, and anyone who had seen him, crowned with a massive wreath of blue-bells, mixing in the brilliant assembly at a Fancy Ball given some years ago by the Institute of Painters in Water-colours, might have well suspected that he had in his veins some drops of the blood of the Roman Emperor he was personating. Perhaps he has; it would account for much in his character and work. But I am afraid that, however he may be descended, there is no ground for supposing that he is an Englishman, except in the sense of nationalization. But we are proud of him, nevertheless, not only on account of the lustre he has shed on our Academy of Arts, but also because he has nearly all the qualities which we fondly regard as characteristic of Englishmen. All the world knows that he is one of the most original, skillful, versatile, and ingenious of modern artists, and those among whom he lives are able to add that he is healthy, strong, good-natured, honourable, manly, and, if somewhat quick-tempered and imperious, without a touch of the mean or the morbid throughout his character or his art.

I hope he will pardon this little panegyric, but his personality is so strong that it is difficult to write of him without being personal. There is no artist whose character so permeates not only his pictures, but everything connected with him. His house is not only his castle but his shell. To say that it was built from his designs gives but a poor notion of the intimate relation between it and its occupant. The late Lord Leighton's is a wonderful house, and has a unique feature in its oriental hall, with its divans, its marble fountains, its walls and recesses of Damascus tiles, but it is not as a whole so characteristic as Alma-Tadema's; in one you see the late owner's taste, in the other the man himself. As you walk along the Grove End Road,

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

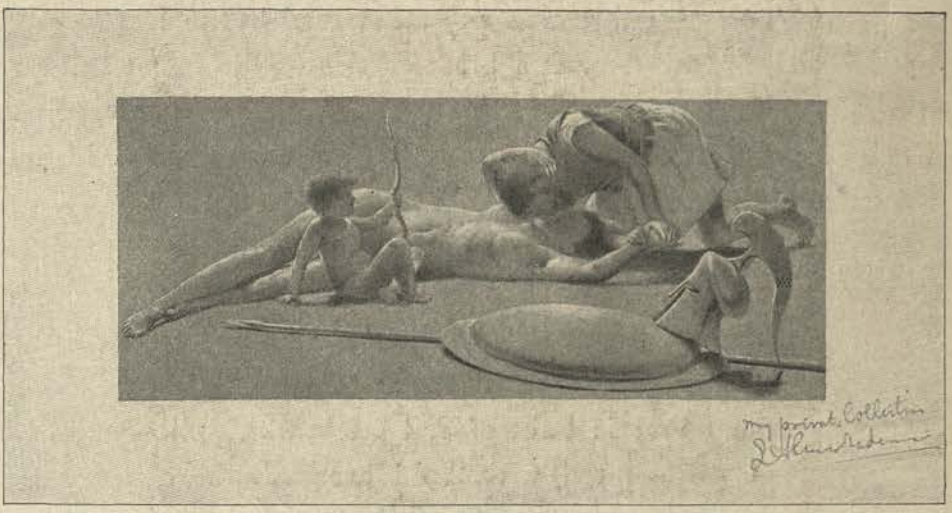
PORTRAIT OF MRS. C. W. WYLLIE

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

with its villas on each side, like any other road in the locality of St. John's Wood, the ordinary dull brick garden-wall is interrupted by a neat semi-classical doorway of terra-cotta, with a pediment atop and pilasters at the sides, on the capitals of which are moulded the monogram of the artist.

Farther on, the ilexes and lilacs interrupt the view of the house, but glimpses are caught of the roof of a large conservatory, of a wall glittering with a broad band of gay-coloured tiles, red and yellow and white, and of the huge window of the artist's principal studio. You can see that the house is built of red brick with yellow terra-cotta dressings, and surmounted with bold architectural chimney-cases, broad and tall and arched at the top. As you pass along, the great apse of the studio, like a semidome, comes into view, and then a flat brick wall, of which the red and yellow bricks are so arranged that it resembles the front of a classic temple. Beyond all this are the ordinary dwelling-rooms, but of these little can be seen except the roofs and the chimney-cases and the weather-cock in the shape of a palette and paint brushes. The rest is hid in trees. The whole effect is somewhat puzzling, heterogeneous, and bizarre, but impressive withal from its boldness and eccentricity. And if you enter the door, what do you see? Everything that is new and old, strange and beautiful, Dutch or Roman, Japanese or Italian, English or French, dominated and harmonized by one man's triumphant taste. Everywhere you look you are met by some sign of the owner's genius for decorative design and arrangement.

The hall leads to a staircase carpeted with brass, which goes up to the big studio, or, if you turn to the left, to another hall or room shut in only by the glass sliding doors of the conservatory. It is adorned with all kinds of ornaments, movable and immovable, but its most remarkable feature is the wall panelled with tall slim pictures, each of them by a different hand. Leighton, Boughton, Sargent,



VENUS AND MARS

PAINTED IN 1872. THIS FORMERLY DECORATED THE CEILING OF MR. TADEMA'S STUDIO AT TOWNSHEND HOUSE. IT WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE, AND HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN ENGRAVED

Çalderon, Van Haanen, and some score more of the artist's friends have thus contributed to its embellishment. Upstairs is the studio, with its huge, round, apsè-like recess, draped with magnificent embroidery of Venetian velvet and furnished with seats fit for a Roman emperor, with its domed aluminium roof, its singing gallery, and, raised on a platform in the midst, its famous piano of oak and mammoth ivory, on the tablets of which (inside the lid) are inscribed, by their own hands, the names of the most celebrated singers and musicians in Europe.

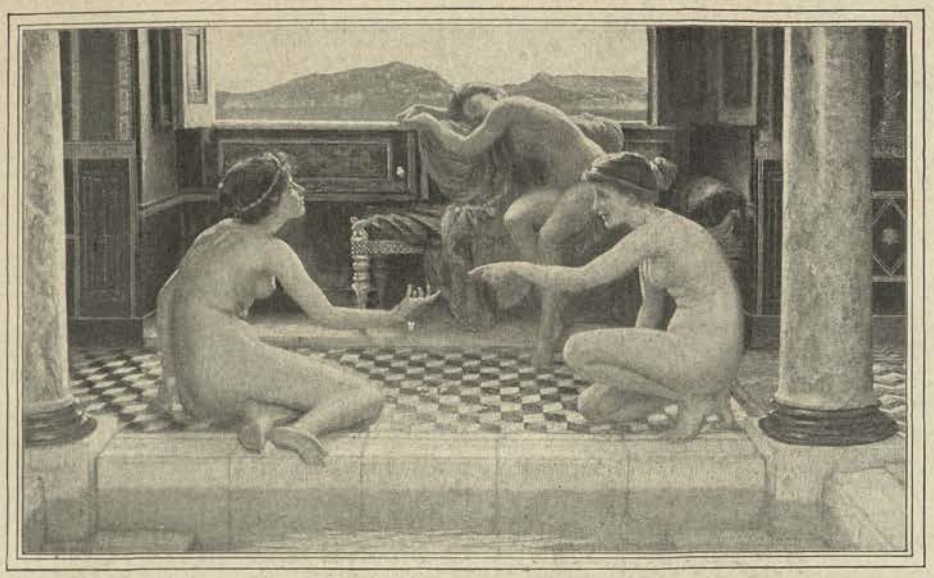
If I were only to attempt to exhaust all that this studio and the hall possess of beauty and interest I should need more space than has already been filled by this study, and so I must leave to the imagination of the reader the charming studio of Mrs. Alma-Tadema and all the other rooms and passages of the house, though they are filled with objects of beauty and curiosity, which somehow seem to have been made for the places they occupy. May they long remain as they are, under the same ordering will, the same masterful, master-

ing, and masterly spirit, for the house can never have another real possessor. Its future occupant, whatever his merit or ability, will be nothing but a hermit-crab. Sir Alma-Tadema was knighted on the occasion of the Queen's eightieth birthday (1899).

SIR
EDWARD J.
POYNTER
P.R.A.

SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST, AFTER THE PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF, IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



KNUCKLEBONES. (1891)
BY PERMISSION OF ARTHUR LUCAS, ESQ.

IT says not a little for that often abused body, the English Royal Academy of Arts, that after losing in rapid succession two such distinguished presidents as Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, it should be able to select another from its ranks so able to sustain its prestige as the painter of "Israel in Egypt," "Atalanta's Race," and "A Visit to Æsculapius." But it is not only from his easel pictures, nor even from his other pictorial and decorative works, that he derives all his qualifications for the high office which he holds. As a creative artist he has done much, but it is doubtful whether he has ever quite done himself justice. Almost from the beginning of his career his keen mind has been employed in many directions for the good of his country and his country's art. As the first Slade Professor at University College, London, and as Director

*** All of the sketches and studies reproduced in this study were published for the first time by special permission of the artist, when it appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*.

of the National Art Training Schools at South Kensington, to mention no other ways in which his knowledge and intelligence have been employed for national ends, he has been occupied with important duties which must have seriously trenched upon the time at his disposal for original composition; moreover the thought and care and judgment which he has so continuously exercised as a teacher and a counsellor, have doubtless influenced the creations of his own mind. They are by no means deficient in variety, in originality, or force, but they are the work of an imagination always under critical control. If there is one element predominant in all his work, it is the intellectual. Clear, serene, well ordered, the art of Sir Edward Poynter stands out with some distinction amongst the less considered and less complete workmanship with which it is so often surrounded. Although he himself has been among the reformers of his day, the later movements in the direction of personal impressionism have not affected either his method or ideal. The new school to which he belonged in his youth, which may be broadly described as the "neo-classical," has almost become an "old" school now, but he has seen no reason to swerve from the aims and principles which inspired and guided his earliest efforts, and he finds it impossible to believe that any new fashion or indeed any new discovery can alter certain fundamental truths, which inform all the greatest art works of the past, including those of Phidias and Michael Angelo. To him, as to them, art means the exercise not only of feeling and skill, but of thought and knowledge. He seeks beauty, especially of form, as seen in the most beautiful and expressive of all forms—the human. He loves not only its superficial charm, but the excellent order of its construction, the inimitable science of its organization. And this beauty, this order, this organic perfection, should, to his mind, regulate the making of a work of art, a creation complete in itself, with every part correctly proportioned and adjusted to achieve a designed result. Art so in-

tellectual in its genesis, so definite in its appeal, requires great patience and exactitude in execution and preparation, and Sir Edward's work never fails in these respects, for it is always thoroughly

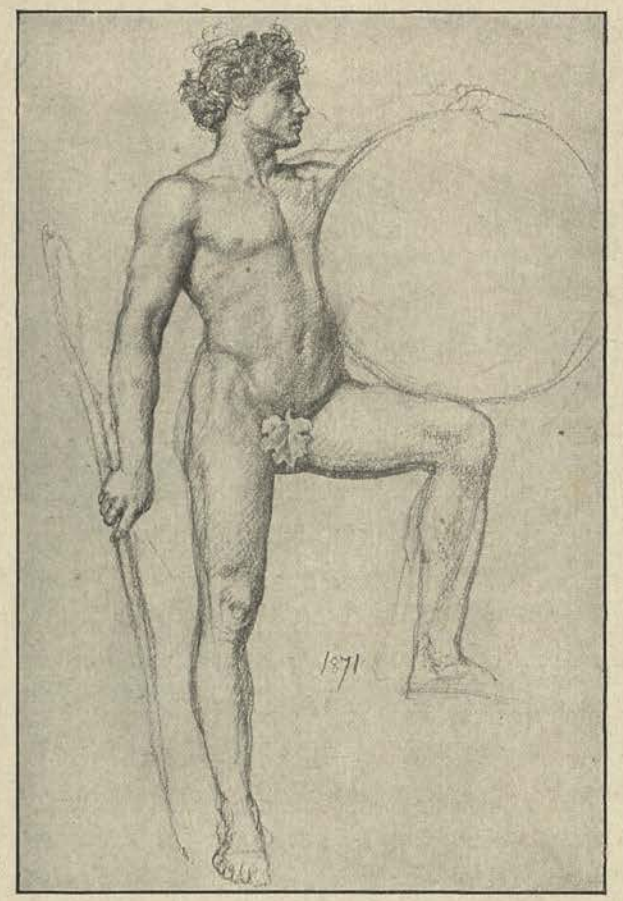


FIGURE STUDY FOR "BEST SHOT" MEDAL

thought out and wrought out. It does not seem at all improbable that the desire for order and proportion which marks the work of the present president of the Royal Academy may have descended to him from his father, the late Ambrose Poynter, architect, who, before his

STUDIES FOR THE ASHANTI WAR MEDAL

career was cut short by blindness, had, amongst other works, designed the National Provincial Bank at Manchester, St. Katharine's Hospital, Regent's Park, and Christ Church, Westminster. At all events his early surroundings must have soon drawn his attention to architecture and also probably to architectural decoration. Those who believe in heredity will also not fail to observe that his mother, Emma Forster by birth, was the granddaughter of Thomas Banks, R.A., a sculptor of real genius, whose works were the admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Flaxman, and have been too much neglected by the rest of his countrymen. Such tendencies as he may have inherited toward the more intellectual forms of art were at least not discouraged by his early association with Leighton and his study in the *atelier* of Gleyre at Paris. Owing to his delicate health, Sir Edward's regular education was much interrupted. Shortly after his birth at Paris (March 20, 1836), he was brought to England, and he spent his childhood in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey, first in a house at Poet's Corner, now demolished, and afterward in

one at Queen Anne's Gate, which is still in his possession. After a short time at Westminster School he was sent to Brighton College in 1849, and to Ipswich Grammar School in 1850, but the winter of 1852–53 was spent in Madeira, by the doctor's orders. Here he continued his studies under a tutor, and spent much of his time in sketching the scenery in the neighbourhood of Funchal, having obtained from a Mr. Thomas Boys some instruction in the use of water-colours. The next year was spent in Rome, where he made the acquaintance of the young Frederick Leighton, then engaged in his celebrated picture of "Cimabue's Madonna Carried Through Florence." It was this meeting that determined the direction of the present president's career. It commenced an association, friendly and artistic, which was to last till the elder's death. When the two youths (or young men) met, for Leighton was but twenty-three and Poynter seventeen, little did either of them think that they should both occupy the presidential chair of the Royal Academy.

Six years only between these two artists; but at their time of life six years is a very considerable period. Leighton was already an accomplished artist, after a long and severe training at Florence, at Paris, and more especially at Frankfort, under Steinle; Poynter was a mere tyro who had no training at all, and had not even made up

"BEST SHOT" ASHANTI

REPRODUCTIONS OF TWO MEDALS DESIGNED BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

his mind what sort of training he desired. This important step, however, was decided at Rome as he worked in Leighton's studio and watched the progress of the great picture. He would be a painter, and not a painter of landscape, but of the figure. His father consenting, he went to Leigh's well-known school in Newman Street, and shortly afterward received some instruction from Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and entered the schools of the Royal Academy. His dissatisfaction with the English training and the result of it was started or accentuated by a visit to Paris in 1855, at the time of the great Exhibition, where he was greatly struck by the works of the modern continental schools, and especially with a series of designs by Decamps. His strong desire to transfer his studies from London to Paris was soon gratified, and on the recommendation of his uncle, the Baron de Triqueti, the sculptor (some of whose marble inlays may be seen at the Mausoleum at Frogmore), he entered the *atelier* of Gleyre (the staunch upholder of the traditions of the school of Ingres, but also the painter of "Illusions Perdues"), where he worked for three years (1856–59), in company with, amongst others, Mr. James McNeill Whistler, Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., and the late George du Maurier. On leaving Gleyre's studio, he and his friends, Du Maurier, Lamont, and Thomas Armstrong, set up one for themselves in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, which is the very studio immortalized by Du Maurier in "Trilby." The character of *The Laird* is taken from Lamont, and, according to Sir Edward, the picture of their student life in Paris is very faithful except that there was no *Trilby*.

Poynter returned to England in 1860 a well-trained artist, an excellent draughtsman of the figure, and with his sense of composition and decoration well developed. In 1861 a pen-and-ink drawing of a girl, called "Alla Veneziana," was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the next year two pictures, "Heaven's Messenger" and "A Bunch of Blue Ribbons" were hung upon its walls—the former of

A VISIT TO ÆSCULAPIUS. (1880)

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

these, a scene from Dante, having been previously rejected. But his artistic energies were already engaged in more decorative work. While still at Paris he had executed some designs for stained glass for Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars, and he subsequently was much employed in such work, fine examples of which are to be seen at St. Bartholomew the Less, Smithfield, and the Maison Dieu at Dover.* But the immediate occasion of his return to England was to assist that ingenious architect and ultra-mediævalist, the late W. Burges, in the decoration of Waltham Abbey, then in process of restoration under his superintendence. For Burges he made the whole of the figure designs for the decoration of the ceiling of the abbey. They included the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the Four Seasons, and the Four Elements, and are remarkable for their decorative ingenuity. Amongst other work which he executed for Burges may be mentioned the decoration of furniture, an interesting example of which (a sideboard painted with a "Contest Between the Wines and the Beers") is at the Bethnal Green Museum, having been purchased by the Department of Science and Art at the International Exhibition of 1862. His long and intimate association with that Department commenced about this time, when he received a commission to execute the fine figures of Apelles and Phidias for the frieze of one of the galleries at the South Kensington Museum. There they stand in company with Leighton's Cimabue and Niccolo Pisano—four noble figures worthy of each other's society.

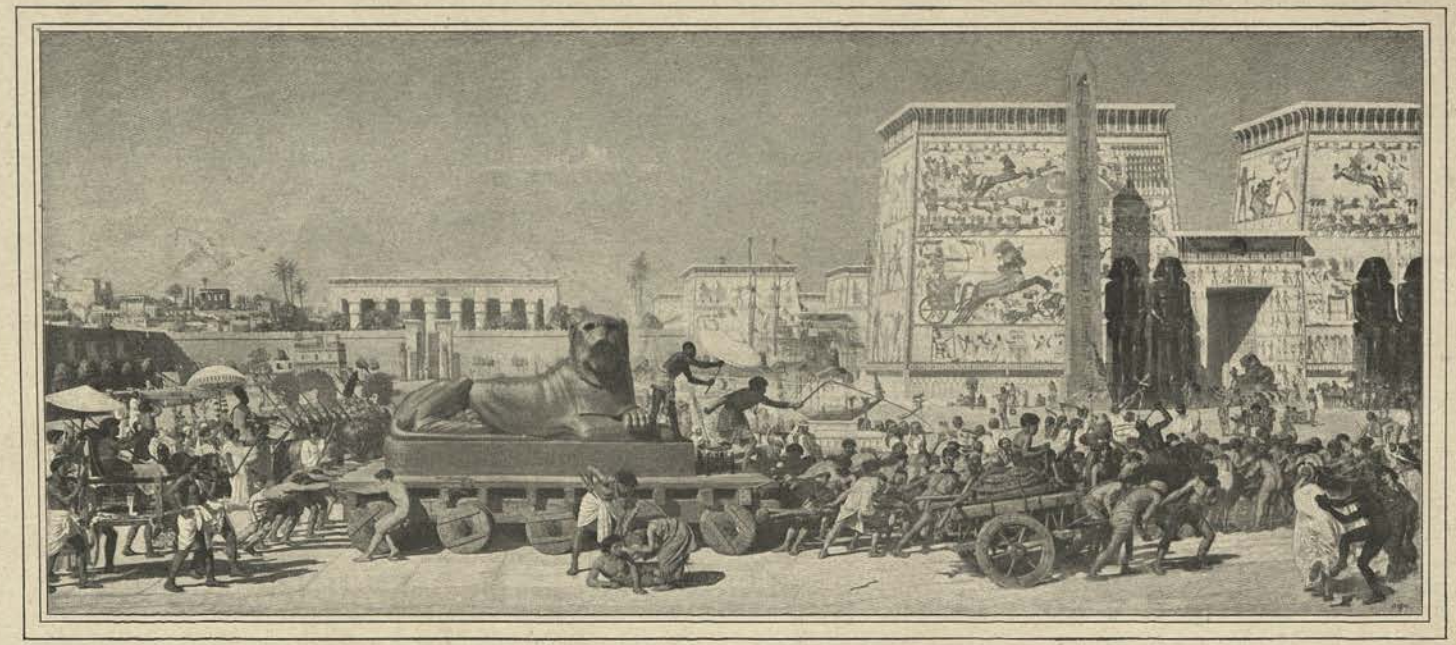
Among other works of his early manhood which deserve notice (besides the etchings in Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake's "History of Our Lord"), are some powerful illustrations to poems, etc., in *Once a Week*, his first commissions for original work, and some still more notable illustrations of the Bible for Messrs. Dalziel, the wood-

* For some illustrations of Sir Edward's work of this kind, see Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson's article in the *Architectural Review* for June, 1897.

engravers. His contributions to the latter included some scenes from the history of Joseph and Pharaoh, one or more of which would have made fine pictures, and may make them yet if the artist can find leisure. His imagination was much engaged at this time on themes of Bible history and in realizing the life and manners of the Hebrews and the Egyptians of the Old Testament. Subjects of this class appear frequently in his pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Dudley Gallery, till about 1870, when they give way to more classical compositions. It was by the former that he made his reputation, and though he has since painted a great many more beautiful pictures, it is doubtful whether there is any so universally associated with his name as the "Israel in Egypt," which was exhibited in 1867.

This celebrated picture may be regarded as the natural fruit of an imagination that had dwelt much upon the history of the Jews; but its conception was almost accidental. It was at the Langham Sketching Club, a society still in existence, that the design occurred to him. At one of their meetings the subject of the "Sketch" for the evening was "Work," and Poynter's sketch was so much admired that he determined to elaborate it into a picture. He had already attracted attention at the Royal Academy by "On Guard in the Time of the Pharaohs" (1864) and "Faithful unto Death" (1865), a picture of the Roman soldier who is supposed to have sacrificed his life to his duty by remaining at his post at Pompeii till he was engulfed by a stream of lava, but "Israel in Egypt" made a still more decided mark, and with, perhaps, some assistance from the "Catapult" of the following year, secured his election as an Associate in the winter of 1868.

These two pictures may be regarded as typical of Sir Edward's first period, and are specially remarkable for the interest shown in primitive mechanics and engineering, and in the vigourous action of the figures. In the former we see the colossal statue of a lion dragged across a flat, sandy level by a quivering mass of humanity, straining



ISRAEL IN EGYPT

BY PERMISSION OF I. C. HAWKSHAW, ESQ.

every muscle at the bidding of their taskmasters, two of whom are riding on the wagon, flicking at the backs of their human cattle with their long-thonged whips. Behind is seen the great Egyptian temple with its gaily painted sunk-reliefs shining in the sun. It is no wonder that such a picture should have attracted the attention of the celebrated engineer, the late Sir John Hawkshaw, who purchased it from the walls of the Academy. "The Catapult" is intended to represent an incident in the siege of Carthage, and is very original and effective in design. We are at the rear of the great cumbrous engine, the Woolwich Infant of the time, whose bulk, composed of huge beams, occupies nearly the whole of the canvas. The great power of the machine is shown by the strenuous efforts of four strong men, who, with the help of a windlass, are pulling down an enormous lever. On the right a Roman captain on horseback is directing operations, and on the left some soldiers, crouching under cover of the catapult, are exchanging shots with the enemy.

Industrious and successful as Poynter had been during the first period of his career, he now entered upon another, still fuller of energetic and fruitful production. During the next twelve years, omitting all minor work, he executed the mosaic of St. George, supported by Purity and Fortitude, for the lobby of the Houses of Parliament; the fresco at the Church of St. Stephen's, Dulwich, perhaps the noblest and least known of his greater works; the series of four large poetical pictures for the decoration of Lord Wharncliffe's billiard-room at Wortley Hall ("Perseus and Andromeda," "Fight between More of More Hall and the Dragon of Wantley," "Atalanta's Race," and "Nausicaa and Her Maidens Playing at Ball"); and "A Visit to Æsculapius," which is now in the National Collection (Chantrey Bequest), and is almost universally regarded as his masterpiece. If we add to these a number of portraits and other pictures (of various sizes, but all designed and executed with the greatest care, like the

noble "Zenobia Captive" of 1878) and a considerable amount of decorative work, like the grill room at the South Kensington Museum, which is all panelled with tiles of his design, of great variety and charm, and if we remember that for the greater part of this time he was discharging the functions of Slade Professor of Painting at University College, London, an office which he was the first to hold, or of Director of the National Art Training Schools, some notion may be gained of the artistic and intellectual activity of this period. But no estimate of the kind would be fair or complete without taking into account the care and labour which Sir Edward devotes to the execution of the least of his designs.

It may almost be said that it is impossible to appreciate the finished work of this artist without some knowledge of the contents of those portfolios which contain his drawings. It at all events increases our respect for the man and his art to know how much thought and labour and thorough craftsmanship have gone to the making of his more important compositions. For the figure of St. George, for instance, which we see clothed in a complete suit of Maximilian armour, gleaming through the dusk of the lobby of "the House," he thought it necessary to draw the figure nude, and not only nude but *écorché*, and it was not unusual for him about this time to make a study even of the skeleton in the attitude required for a figure. Such a drawing I have before me now—a drawing for one of the men, who is stooping to pick up a stone to hurl at St. Stephen—on one side, the figure nude, but fully fleshed; on the other, trunk and legs and arms "in the bones." Contrasted with such studies there are others of great completeness and finish, but still preparations—one, for example, of the same St. George, but fully armed, with his attendant figures of Purity and Fortitude fully draped, and underneath the shield of the United Kingdom, with naked children on either side holding a festoon. The work is bordered with a band of roses conven-

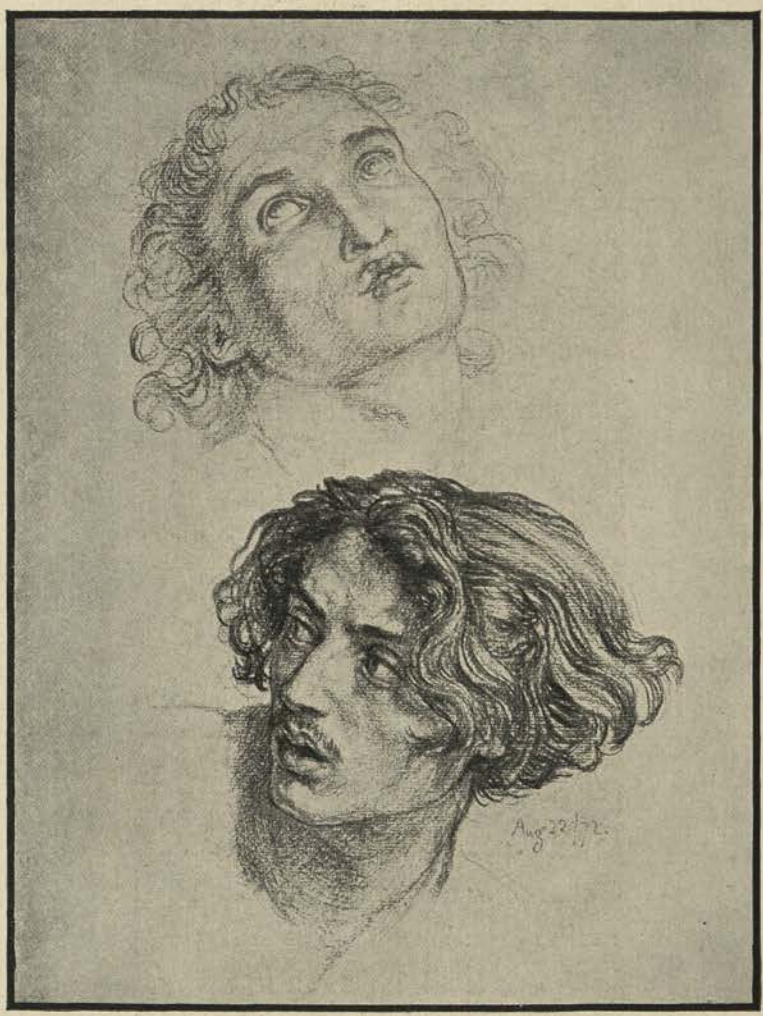
tionally treated and executed in water-colours with the utmost care, yet so broadly that when photographed it looks like a fresco. This little drawing, almost as beautiful in colour as in design, was experimental only; the shield and the children were replaced by a more formal design for the mosaic.

I am inclined to regard the series for the fresco at St. Stephen's, Dulwich, as the finest of all, and certainly as the most interesting

STUDY FOR FRESCO AT ST. STEPHEN'S, DULWICH

from a human point of view, as they are studies not only of form and action, but also of character and expression. In the latter qualities the finished composition stands almost alone amongst his works. It stands alone also in the class of its subject, being, so far as I know, the only completed work of any importance in which he has attempted to express pathetic religious feeling, and it is so great a success that one cannot help regretting that he has so seldom exerted his powers in this direction. It fills the tympanum of a blind pointed arch, and contains two compositions. The upper represents Stephen before

the Sanhedrim, the lower the Saint being led out to his martyrdom. The former is grandiose in design, the scene being laid in a temple of rich Renaissance architecture, with marble columns and elaborate



STUDIES OF HEADS FOR THE FRESCO AT ST. STEPHEN'S, DULWICH

throne, much in the style of Mantegna and other artists of North Italy. In this imposing chamber there is no figure which is not fine in physique and strong in character, and the grandest of all is the

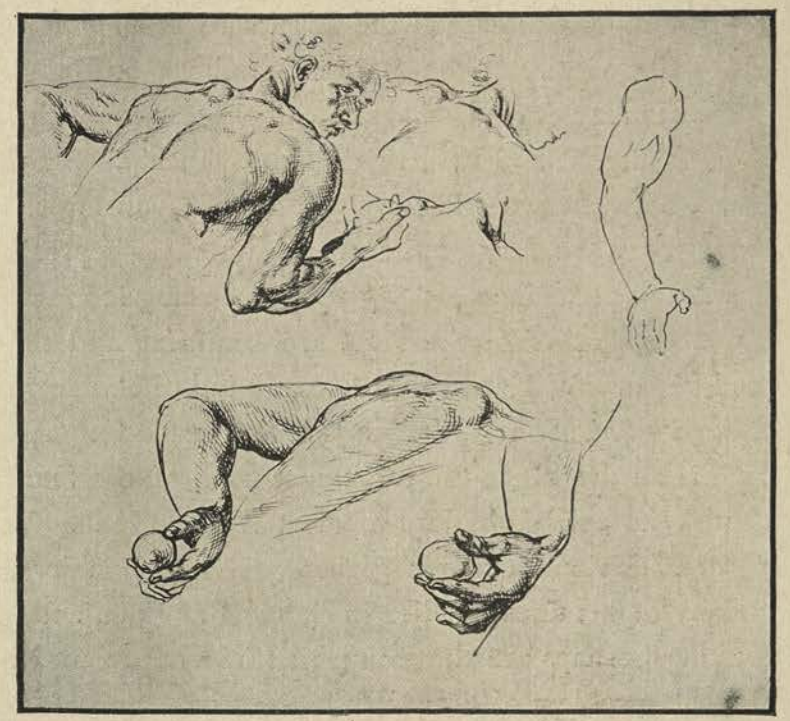
STUDY FOR FRESCO AT ST. STEPHEN'S, DULWICH

High Priest. But yet none of them can divert attention from the figure of the Saint himself—a singular combination of sweetness and dignity, who stands before them with upraised hands and his face turned to the heavenly beams which slant from above. His face is rapt with the vision of "the heavens open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God," but the expression is simple and unaffected. The long low picture at the base, with smaller figures, like a *predella*, is quite worthy of the main composition, and as many of the figures are scantily draped, displays with greater effect the artist's knowledge of the figure and skill in draughtsmanship. The saint is being led forth between two soldiers, who are endeavouring to protect their prisoner from the fury of the crowd, which is represented by about half a dozen fierce men picking up and hurling stones. Again the figure and expression of the saint are beautiful, and the varied attitudes and gestures of his enemies fine and full of character.

Another very fine series of drawings is that made for "Atalanta's Race," which is on the whole the most successful of the four decorations of Lord Wharncliffe's billiard-room at Wortley Hall. The running figure of Milanion casting a glance over his shoulder was the subject of many of his finest studies in charcoal and pen and ink, but more interesting perhaps are those in which he endeavours to solve the very difficult problem of drawing the arrested action of Atalanta as she turns to swoop upon the golden ball. For the whole composition there are at least two careful sketches differing in details.

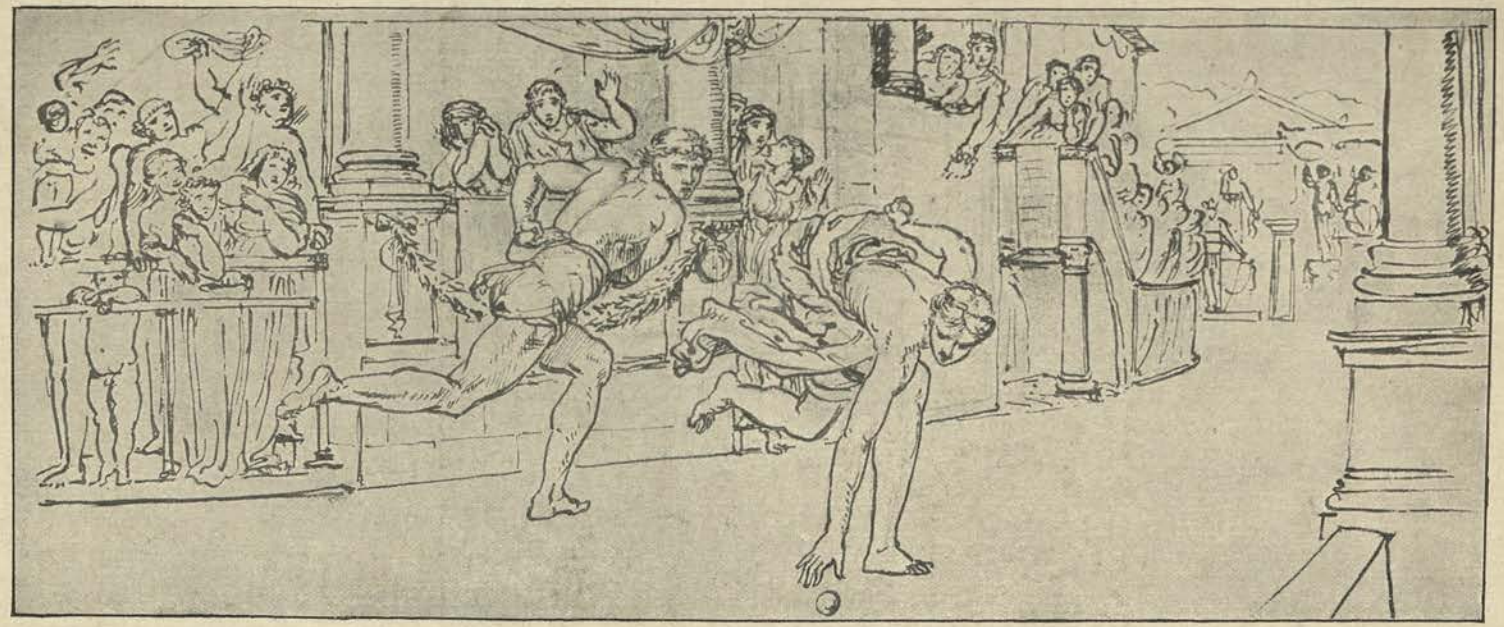
After the completion of "A Visit to Æsculapius" in 1880 Sir Edward was much engaged in his designs for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's in which he was associated with his friend Leighton, whose design of the sea giving up its dead is now in the Tate collection at the new National Gallery. They followed in general architectural arrangement a design left by the great sculptor Alfred Stevens, but except one or two of the larger spaces left for Leighton,

the very numerous and beautiful designs themselves were entirely his own. Unfortunately this scheme, upon which all his knowledge and skill was brought to bear, had to be ultimately abandoned. Nor is this the only disappointment of the kind which, from no fault or incompetency of his own, Sir Edward has had to bear, involving the



PEN-AND-INK STUDY FOR MILANION IN "ATALANTA'S RACE"

waste of months of thought and labour. From this and other causes he was unable to complete any very important picture till 1890, when "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon" was exhibited at Mr. McLean's in the Haymarket for a short time previous to its dispatch to the art gallery of Sydney, New South Wales. The finished study for it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891. It is the last as it is the most gorgeous and elaborate of his larger pictures.



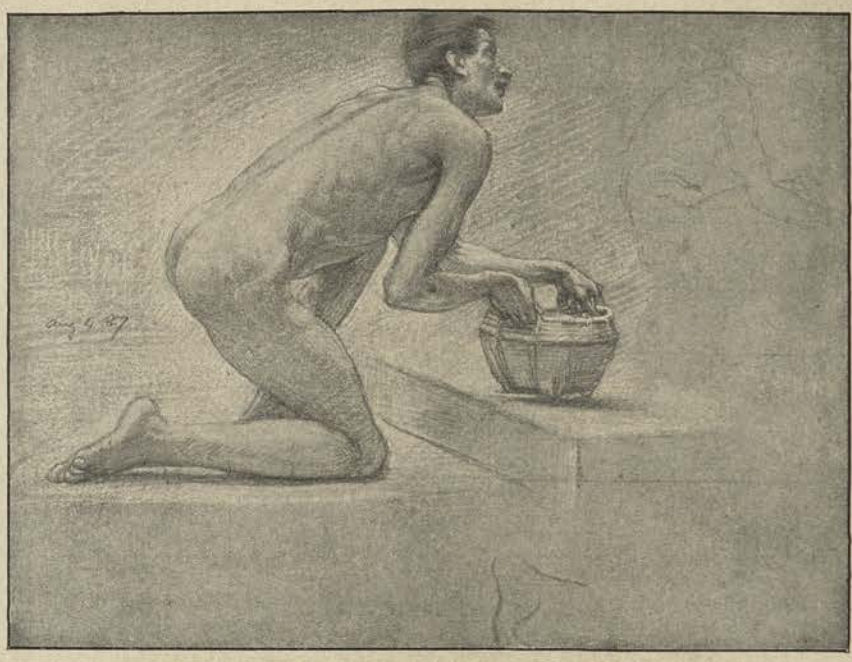
DRAWING FOR "ATALANTA'S RACE," DIFFERING FROM COMPLETED PICTURE

On no work did he spend greater care in preparation. The studies nude and draped for its fifty figures are almost legion; every detail of architecture and armour, costume and ornament, every accessory in the shape of vessels and musical instruments, "apes and peacocks," was the object of conscientious care, and for the golden lions which line the steps he had models made from his own design. Solomon is represented in the prime of life. He wears a jeweled cap (like a glorified "fez") and carries a sceptre in his left hand. He extends the right to greet the Queen of Sheba as she ascends the throne with downcast eyes and gently undulating motion. She is nude to the waist, with the exception of her tiara and the rich coils of jewels which fall over breast and arms. The rest of her body is robed in rich purple drapery spangled with gold. It need scarcely be added that Sir Edward made

UNDRAPED

DRAPED

TWO OF THE STUDIES FOR "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"



STUDY FOR ONE OF THE FIGURES IN "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

numerous studies for these two principal figures both draped and undraped.

Though space only enables me to dwell upon the more important of the president's pictures, it must not be supposed that between "A Visit to Æsculapius" (1880) and "The Queen of Sheba" (1890) he did not produce many beautiful things. Indeed he may be said during these ten years to have made a separate reputation for cabinet pictures of which the creation of beauty was the sole aim. They are generally classical in subject, gem-like in colour, and exquisitely finished, and not from want of individuality, but from similarity of subject, challenge comparison with Leighton on the one hand and Alma-Tadema on the other—interiors, mostly of Roman or Greek temples, houses, and baths, or scenes on marble terraces and steps with sparkling glimpses of sea or landscape in the distance, and slightly draped figures of women and children engaged in some simple or playful oc-

cupation, like teasing a beetle or feeding pigeons. The human figure and architecture—human flesh and marble—may be said to be the primary motives of nearly all these dainty works, and none of them are

STUDY FOR ONE OF THE FIGURES IN "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

more charming in feeling and colour or more irreproachable in *technique* than Mrs. Renton's "Corner of the Villa" and "Corner of the Market-place." But among the pictures of this period there are a few which call for a special word, and one of these is certainly "The

A CORNER OF THE MARKET-PLACE

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

Ides of March" (1883). Generally Sir Edward has avoided strong effects of light, preferring, in common with the greater masters of Italy, a light so diffused as to enable every object to show its definite shape unconfused by atmospheric accident; generally also he has kept clear of feeling which approaches the tragic and anything like magic or mystery. But in this picture, in which Cæsar and Calpurnia are gazing at the portentous comet which strikes like the blade of a dagger across the cloudy sky, he has combined tragedy, chiaroscuro,

THE IDES OF MARCH. (1883)

BY PERMISSION OF THE ART GALLERY OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER

OUTWARD BOUND

BY PERMISSION OF H. EVANS, ESQ.

and the supernatural in one work, as if to show for once and for all how powerfully he could treat them if he were so minded. Another picture which is almost unique amongst the president's work is "Outward Bound"—two children on the shelf of a rock watching the fortune of a tiny toy boat that is slowly sailing out to sea. Never has Sir Edward drawn children more natural or unconscious than these little girls, or painted a bit of natural scenery with greater skill. Lastly, perhaps not quite so unusual but yet remarkable even amongst Sir Edward's works for the grace of its figures and the beautiful balance of its composition, is Mr. Evans's picture of "Knucklebones" (1891), a subject which the artist has repeated more than once—under

STUDIO OF E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. J. S. VIRTUE & CO.

the title of "When the World was Young"—with the figures draped. Whether the drapery was a concession to Mrs. Grundy or not, I do not know, but the nude has never been treated with more purity than in the undraped version of this charming design. It will be seen from our illustrations that Sir Edward's art is strongly imbued with the love of architecture and sculpture, and though I am not aware of any building built from his plans, he designed that portion of the frieze of the Albert Hall which represents the Four Quarters of the Globe bringing offerings to Britain, and has frequently shown his talent and skill as a modeller and medallist. His prize medal for the "Best Shot" in the rifle competition of the Volunteers is certainly one of the finest of modern works of the kind, and the army medal for the Ashanti war if not so simple and dignified in design deals with much greater difficulties. It is nothing less than a picture of an incident in

modern warfare with savages at close quarters, and is treated with excellent skill. He has also modelled some very good portrait medallions, including those of Sir Joseph Whitworth, Mrs. Langtry, and Lady Windsor, and the reverses of the last mint of the shilling and the florin of the British coinage are from his designs. In decorative sculpture of many kinds he has tried his hand, and amongst his drawings are a number of designs for a salver and two beakers decorated with figures illustrative of the story of Cupid and Psyche. It is one of the many proofs of his own busy life that he has never found time to carry this very beautiful scheme into execution.

Sir Edward Poynter's life has been one of hard work marked by few incidents outside his home and his profession. He married in 1866 at Wolverhampton the present Lady Poynter, whose maiden name was Agnes MacDonald. One of her sisters is Lady Burne-Jones, and another Mrs. Kipling, the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. For many years he has resided at 28 Albert Gate (not far from his studio in the Avenue, Brompton Road), in one of those charming old houses that back on to Hyde Park, a situation as distinguished and modest as his own character. Of his personal appearance there is no better presentation than that painted by his own hand for the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, where it hangs by the side of those of his great predecessors Leighton and Millais. There he looks out upon the constant streams of visitors with eyes full of that keen intelligence which has done so much in many ways for his country's art. I have no intention of writing his panegyric, but it may be safely said that in this respect he has few rivals amongst his predecessors, certainly few as a writer on art. The lectures he delivered at the Slade School and other places, a new edition of which has just been published, are lucid in statement of principle and practical in their application, and form no small part of his credentials for his present high position as President of the Royal Academy. Among the many honours which

have come to him, not the least was the sad one of being chosen to design the border of the Queen's letter to the nation on the death of the Duke of Clarence. He is a member of the Royal Society of

STUDIES FOR EWER WITH STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

Painters in Water-Colours, where he occasionally sends those charming little landscapes, which ever since his first essays in the island of Madeira have been the amusement of his rare holidays. He is a

member of the Royal Society of Etchers, though he seldom uses the needle, and he is an honourary member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Lastly, he is not only the President of the Royal Academy, but the Director of the National Gallery, the duties of which have been lately increased by the New National Gallery of British Art (Mr. Tate's munificent gift) and the Wallace Gallery.

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